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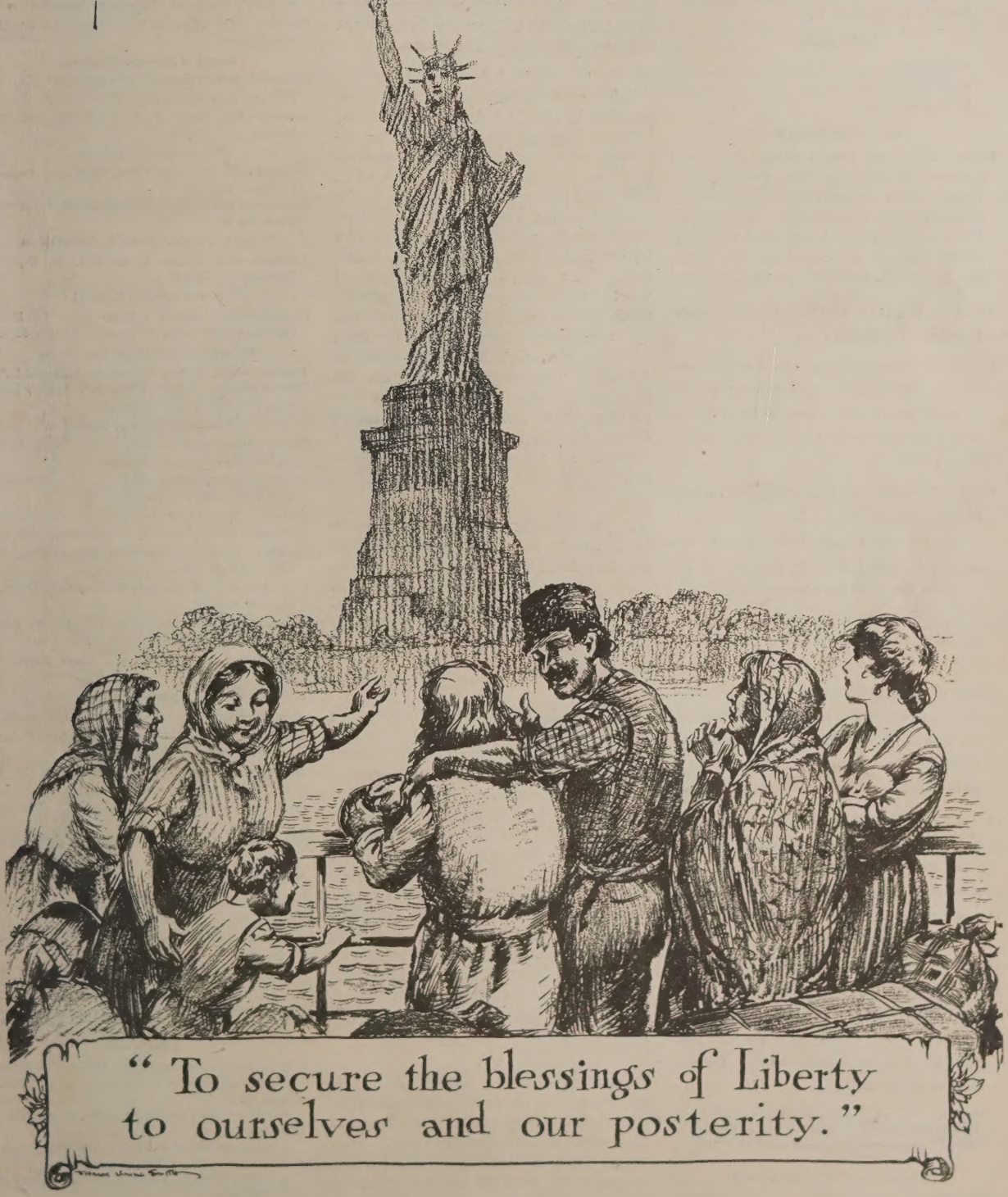
The Universalist Leader



The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

Whether or not the United States government officially recognizes the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, it will get away with a large part of the gate money in the shape of taxes. (*Springfield Republican.*)

υ λ

It is too late to say that we have no Irish question in the United States. The feud between England and Ireland is so inflamed that this country can not now hope to escape the far-reaching influence of it. The chief corrective, doubtless, is the preaching of an Americanism that views every question primarily the business of a foreign nation with American detachment and from a strictly American point of view. That is to say the relations between Great Britain and Ireland must be viewed by Americans not from a British nor from an Irish viewpoint, but solely from an American viewpoint. If that can be successfully done, there will be no hyphenism in the outlook of any American citizen, whether he have English or Irish blood in his veins. (*Springfield Republican.*

υ λ

It speaks volumes for the excellences of the smaller American colleges that four debaters from Bates College, in Maine, after winning unprecedented laurels in America by defeating Harvard, Yale, Cornell and others, should have sailed for England to try conclusions with Oxford. (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

The Borah Resolution represents the will of the people of the United States. . . It is a limited, feeble, timid gesture toward world peace, with all the self-consciousness and awkwardness that accompany a first attempt. It may become an attitude, a movement, the first step in a pilgrimage. . . . To-day, for a moment only perhaps, as a resultant of many forces, the people's will is for peace. Shall that will be defeated by the machinery which has been set up to execute it? If so, then once more the people will have been betrayed by their rulers, and the government of the people will have given a reason why it should perish from the earth. (*New Republic.*)

υ λ

President Harding (speaking before the graduates of Annapolis) told them that he hoped they would "never be called upon to draw a sword or fire a gun." How would young journalists feel if their chief expressed the hope that they might never be forced to dip their pens in ink? (*The New Republic.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

With your own gladness make the day glad.

* *

Hang out the flag, then help to make it glorious.

* *

Tell the young the story of the flag so they may respect it.

* *

Nag not the land in which thou livest lest a worse befall thee.

* *

Salute the flag for what it stands for, and for what it has achieved.

* *

Little is the age that belittles the great of the age that went before.

* *

No country can afford to let the kitchen fire go out while it sets off fireworks.

* *

Independence, Freedom, Progress—great words these! Now add Brotherhood.

* *

What are our great grandchildren going to say about our brand of patriotism?

* *

1776—the Declaration of Independence; 1921—the Declaration of Interdependence.

* *

Fireworks on the fourth of July will never serve as a substitute for a conscientious ballot early in November.

* *

For amateurs the American people have made some pretty good history during the last few hundred years.

* *

The footprints of a nation may tell where she came from, but only the citizens can determine whither she is going.

* *

After the firecrackers are exploded and the fireworks gone out ask the boy with bandaged fingers what it is all about.

* *

Intoxicated with the glory of great things, we go stumbling and faltering among the small things along the only way that leads to greatness.

A real church, like a real home, is the result of people loving each other. You can't hire a minister to love folks for you.

* *

When times are troubled there are those who choose to throw rocks into the waters rather than oil upon the surface thereof.

* *

Call the roll of the heroes of America; there are little ones and big ones, but enough who measure up to standard to make us all proud to-day.

* *

Of course our nation has made mistakes, only dead nations make none, but the years of our history are glorious because of the times we did not make mistakes.

* *

The most selfish people in the world are those who burden you with obligation, who pour out their bounteous bounty upon the unwilling and weak, but accept no whit from others. Their selfish unselfishness is near akin to crime.

* *

A great many things were said about George Washington in his day and about Lincoln in his day which no one presumes to repeat to-day; but there is the suggestion that moderation in our impetuous criticism of public men shows wisdom.

* *

"Panache"

Sir Philip Gibbs said that the curse of France, according to a distinguished Frenchman he had met, was summed up in the word, "*panache*," which, translated literally, meant "plume," but synchronized meant "love of glory, furl of flag, and beat of drum." We as Americans must guard our children against this "*panache*." The Fourth of July must come more and more to be not simply a national Independence Day, in which we take selfish pride in the advantages and heritages of this great democracy, but an Independence Day for all nations, great and small, when we shall pray that all afflicted people may share in the not far-distant future the privileges we now enjoy. Let us broaden the spirit of our national hymn, and sing,

"Long may *all* lands be bright
With freedom's holy light."

HONOR TO THE FATHERS OF OUR COUNTRY

WE are overworking to-day the phrase "Progressive Age." We find in it an excuse for all sorts of eccentricities of opinion and action; it is the parent of the crank more often than of the patriot; it more often encourages the destructive rather than the constructive. To call a man a progressive in religion or politics is to classify him as something different from, if not above, the average. We are moved to question, in this day of patriotic celebration, if there is now or ever has been in our history a group of men more progressive, more fearlessly and conscientiously progressive, than that group in the old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, signing the Declaration of Independence. We of to-day may entertain any views we will of the sacred document and what it involves, and think as we will of the country then and there established, but let no one imagine for a moment that any one to-day has a monopoly of the progressive spirit. Those fearless men, putting their signatures to that marvelous paper, knew they were in danger as frightful as was ever faced in front line trenches. They were in danger of being slandered by men of their own time, who were envious of their place, in danger of their every act being misinterpreted by the impatient and impetuous, who are quick to demand fruits before the plant is grown, and yet there was no faltering, they signed their names to that which made America possible. They were "progressives," and we do well to honor them with waving flags and patriotic messages, and with them to remember how all down through the years great souls have renewed their spirit in the face of like criticism if not of danger. The spirit of the Fathers still abides in private citizen and public officer, sometimes lapsing for a time, but America is making progress in accordance with the genius of the Fathers America must ever glorify.

* *

TO BE READ JULY FOURTH

IN a certain suburban backyard is an apple tree locally famous for its delicious fruit. Last year the owner was away when the fruit ripened and upon his return he was compelled to dig a hole and bury a lot of rotten apples. It was an unpleasant task, but while doing it it never occurred to him to curse the apples or wonder why God made rotten apples. The difference between that backyard and America is the difference between a few thousand square feet and a few million square miles. The difference between the apples under the tree and men and women and children under the sky may seem very great to our near-sighted eyes; it is doubtful if it is apparent to the eye of God.

The quotation on the cover of this number of the *Leader* is from the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. It was not hastily drawn, like the Declaration of Independence, but expressed the considered and consecrated purpose of those who wrought a nation out of a chaos of colonies. However our passions or prejudices may sway us to-day, we shall be coldly judged in the long to-morrow by our fidelity or falsehood to that organic law, strengthened by a hundred and fifty years of history.

It is only too true that we have let multitudes of newcomers to our shores rot until they have sometimes become a social stench. That is an excellent excuse for building a Chinese Wall about our seaports, but it is not a reason. Humanity goes forward toward democracy, and an aristocracy founded on immigrant chronology will not greatly outlast one founded on birth chronology.

Edwin Markham is right, as seers are always right and statesmen generally wrong, when he sees that "government must become the organ of fraternity." That is Univeralism, else the great word of our faith is "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." To that our Church is dedicated by those who have lived and died to keep alive Jesus' faith in brotherhood. The task before us is to make that faith a law of life for all men.

* *

THE STORY OF THE COVER

IN 1904 William came sailing across the Pacific and landed on the western shore of America. In 1907 Yankel came sailing across the Atlantic and landed on the eastern shore of America. William's family had been honored and famous for generations. Yankel's family were wanderers on the face of the earth. William's father was a great American. Yankel's father was an unknown German. His mother was born in Russia. Yankel was born in Austria.

When the Great War came, William was too eminent to take any active part in it. Yankel was so insignificant that he was rejected from the army. Only because America had come to mean something to die for, if need be, as well as a place to live in, Yankel persisted, and finally secured his opportunity to go overseas. Entering as a private, he came out as a Regimental Sergeant-Major, the highest non-commissioned rank in the army. After the Armistice he was selected from his own organization as one of the young men to attend Oxford University.

One day not long ago, William and Yankel happened to meet on a railway train and traveled side by side from New York to New Haven, chatting with each other on the high common plane of their American citizenship. William is a former President of the United States. Yankel is a rising young business man of Boston. William has not told the story, but Yankel tells it with tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice, because to him it means America, and he is sure that nowhere else this side of Heaven could this story possibly be true.

Do you wonder that to some people, not spoiled by generations of American ancestry, America is not merely a geographic term but a symbol of a new and wonderful way in which the life of God is coming into the life of the world?

* *

THE MINISTRY NOT FOR SALE

THE Declaration of Independence uttered at the annual meeting of the alumni of Union Theological Seminary by Prof. H. E. Fosdick, who also is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City, was an epoch-marking speech. Spoken in the citadel of the plutocratic forces of the country and addressed to employers, financiers and retired capitalists, who are inclined to curb the activities and

estop the formal criticisms of men and organizations with a social vision of Christianity, it very frankly informed the reactionaries that their boycott would fail and that the Christian ministry of the country was not for sale nor in terror of a pecuniary boycott.

It was high time that some such clarion defiance as this went forth to rich, politically and industrially powerful and wholly commercialized elements of the American democracy that, of late, have been trying to "punish" Christian organizations and their leaders because of their formulation of a code of ethics applicable to contemporary life. These laymen, who too often in the past have passively ruled congregations and intimidated individual pastors, have grown bold of late. They have ventured to threaten religious organizations having thousands of adherents, and to prescribe for Protestant, Catholic and Jewish teachers just what they, with safety to themselves, may preach from their pulpits, discuss in their conferences and endorse in their platforms. Having, in the past, ruled political parties, these commercial and manufacturing barons have now decided to manipulate the sects.

Our hope is that this issue may become as clearly defined as is possible, and that the battle may be fought out soon. Our chief reason for this desire is because the future service of the Church at large to a world in peril depends upon whether the Church is to be a free agent in doing what the world hopes it will do. Only as free, can it meet the expectations of humanity.

To be free it must be independent of the control of forces without itself, especially those of a non-spiritual sort. Where the Church is most vital to-day is where it is least subject to the state, whether autocratic or democratic in type. Where it is most honored by society at large is where it deliberately practises as well as preaches the ethics of Jesus. The sects with the greatest moral weight are those with the freest liberty of utterance on the part of teachers. These are the least favorable days in all man's history for a group of men, within or without the Church, to think that they can save both religion and society by threats of punishment for freethinking and free speaking. Human psychology is such that the reaction from the indignation felt because of the threats will make the Church all the more insistent in combating organizations like the Employers' Association. Descendants of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, Channing, and Murray can not be "terrorized" by threats of boycott, personal or official. For, as Professor Fosdick says: "These gentlemen have somewhat seriously misapprehended the temper of the Christian ministry. I am speaking for a multitude of my brethren when I say, Before high God, not for sale."

* *

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH

WHAT stand the Church should take on industrial, political and social problems, or whether it should take a stand at all, is a question which people are not only heatedly discussing, but over which they have come to dissension and almost to blows. Lloyd George, in his address to the General Assembly of Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, prophesied that the great controversies of the future would rage around the relations of capital and labor, but that "once they introduced this subject into the churches, it would inevitably destroy the churches for the greater purposes for which they ought to exist." And Mr. George is not wholly wrong, for nothing could be worse than partisanship in temporal affairs on the part of our churches.

On the other hand, the Church can not continue to preach glittering generalities, and object when these generalities are put to specific application. The time has come to put "creed into deed." It was upon this that Bishop Williams insisted when he recently resigned from the Episcopal Diocese of Michigan. At Yale this spring he delivered the Lyman Beecher lectures, where he received great applause and commendation. When he preached the substance of these lectures at St. John's Cathedral, New York, he met with bitter antagonism, and was fiercely denounced by the newly-elected bishop of that diocese. He quoted the resolutions of various Christian bodies on social and industrial subjects, the Lambeth report included, and ended with the declaration that the Church must either choose to back up these opinions or choose money, but that in his belief it could not do both.

Because the Y. W. C. A. publicly avowed its hearty adherence to social principles and ideals clearly Christian, ideals adopted and held by practically all the leading religious institutions, financial leaders in Pittsburgh declared that the organization had gone outside its sphere, and refused to support it financially. From a money standpoint the association suffered. In one campaign it raised only $200,000 instead of the expected $600,000, but it increased its number of contributors. Girls on small salaries gave freely. It broadened its basis of support substantially, and demonstrated that its morale is worth more than money. The Y. W. C. A. has built well for the future.

And so the Church is divided between those who hope for a new social order, and those who fear that its entrance into matters outside of a certain prescribed narrow circle will lead to dismemberment and disintegration. We must decide whether our religion shall be a working theory of life, or something to be used on Sundays only, and carefully locked away for the remainder of the week. The Rev. William Pierson Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, in his address before the World Alliance for International Friendship at Chicago, stated in forceful terms just what stand the Church should take in the affairs of the world, from which we quote the following:

> "The Church can not afford to take orders from any outside group or class, or from any one except its divine head. To allow any set of men to mark off its field, or limit its scope, or declare its function, is intolerable. The Church must fully and with all cheerfulness grant the right of any man or men to object to its words and acts, to criticise them with utmost freedom, to give or withhold support, to join the Church or leave it, to attack or defend, as one may deem best. The Church must be prepared to take the consequences, financial or other, of maintaining its independence, and asserting its proper concern in the affairs of the world. But for the Church to alter by a hair's breadth its policies, or to restrict in the least its sense of a vital function in social matters, because the power of the purse is applied, is spiritual treason."

I Am an American

Written for the Universalist Leader

To be sure this poem was written in 1916 by one who never heard of the Universalist Leader. Nevertheless, it was written for the Leader and for you.

I am an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution,
My mother to the Colonial Dames.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;
Another stood his ground with Warren;
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.
My forefathers were America in the making;
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battlefields;
They commanded her ships;
They cleared her forests.
Dawns reddened and paled.
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust,
My mother was a straw in the wind,
To His Serene Majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the *knut;*
Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came—
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man and the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land.
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
Live for it . . . . die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.
I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

Elias Lieberman, in Everybody's Magazine.

What Is Life's Big Business?

Edwin Markham

AN unlettered gardener, wishing to get an appropriate motto to put on the rim of his new sun-dial, importuned a learned scholar to give the inscription. But the scholar was too busy studying out obscure verbs in the Sanscrit and could not bother with sun-dials. The gardener, however, was persistent; whereupon, at the third interruption, the scholar turned from his dog-eared grammar and cried angrily: "Idler, be about your business!" At this the gardener exclaimed joyfully: "My thanks, my thanks, honorable scholar—'Idler, be about your business!' The very thing I needed. These words shall be inscribed immortally upon the dial. My thanks, my thanks, honorable scholar."

And so to this day in a sunny garden in old Kent you may read on a weather-beaten sun-dial this fine admonition: "Idler, be about your business." Indeed, the essence of life is crammed into this brief command.

But what is man's big business on the planet? He has many errands, many lines of activity; but what is his chief duty, his crowning work? What is life's big business?

Man is himself bigger than the world. He has a soul that is convoyed by a star—yes, by a constellation of stars. So we are forced to believe that his chief business is bigger than these worldly aims that most men set for themselves. Man indeed is deathless, and he is headed for eternity.

Man is the conscript of an eternal adventure of the spirit. Man has littleness in him, but he has also a vastness in his dreams. He is the embryo of an angel, the beginning of a god. He is an actor in a drama that goes on from world to world—a majestic drama whose first scene is unveiled upon this planet

and whose later scenes will be enacted in the realms that await us beyond the door of death. Man is not only a citizen of this earthly world, he is also a citizen of the universe. He is not only a character in this romance of time, he is also a character in the romance of the infinite.

In this picture we get a glimpse of the stupendous theater in which the soul is moving. The soul is preparing for its great destinies, and life is the stuff that it must wrestle with to make ready for its vast career as the builder of worlds and the creator of heavens.

But how in this opening scene of our life's drama in this little world of ours, shall we begin the great preparation? How shall we take the short step with the long look? For we are here in a practical world—here in a world where little duties and demands may obscure the large destinies. How can we force these daily tasks to contribute to the evolution of our souls, in preparation for the great destiny ahead? We may do it by making the true choice among the offered gifts of life. It is all a question of values. What is the true choice, the choice that swings the hinge of destiny? In other words, what is the great end of life?

Is it wealth? Most men and women seem to think that money is the chief aim of existence. They pursue it in their dreams, they slave for it in their waking hours. They achieve wealth; but they never achieve true happiness. No: money-getting can not be chosen as the true end of life. It does not base life upon a deep divine principle.

Can social position be taken as the true end of life? No: it will not lift its devotees to the high ground of the true happiness. It also fails to base life upon a deep divine principle.

Can fame be taken as the true end of life? No: for fame is an empty bubble when it is looked on as the whole of one's existence. Fame also fails to base life upon a deep divine principle.

All of these things of course have their uses—wealth, position, fame. But they must not stand as the supreme ends of our endeavor—not if we would rise above mere worldliness, above mere carnality—not if we would set our feet upon the eternal foundations.

What then is the true end of life—true for this world and for all worlds? It is the service of the good—the unselfish service of the good. In serving the good we serve God, and there is no other way to serve God. This service lets in a light of the stars upon the cold, hard materialism of existence. This service lets in upon these common affairs of time the impact of eternity.

In this service of the good is compressed the essence of all revelations, all gospels, all Bibles. For these high authorities have always demanded of man the surrender of mere worldly ambitions. This is that surrender. These high authorities have demanded of man a great consecration to something higher than the self-life. This is that consecration. These high authorities have insisted that man must rise to the spiritual ground. This is the rise to the spiritual ground.

But you may say that all this seems high and hard and far away. Yet not so. It is all simple, possible and joyful. Having made the great surrender, the great consecration, we may now devote our energies to the acquisition of property and position and fame. For they are no longer the ends of life; they are merely the tools that we will use to help on the big business of existence—the unselfish service of the good.

This noble service may be manifested in the small things as well as in the great things. It may take form in a kind word to the street-sweeper, as well as in an oration to the city fathers. A workman may serve this good with his spade in a potato field, just as well as a soldier may serve it with his sword on a battle hill. A laundress may express this good in her desire to produce cleanliness in a tub of clothes, just as well as an empress may express it in her desire to beautify a city garden for the sake of the people.

This consecration to the good involves an equal devotion to the good in others and to the good in ourselves. Self-expression should be sought, but it should not be sought for mere glory, but only for the sake of the good we can accomplish with our newly awakened powers. The conscript of this high ideal does not seek pre-eminence over others, but he does seek to make his to-morrow greater than his to-day. He does not hunger for pre-eminence, for the good in others is only one form of the good he is pledged to evolve as though it were his very own. He may enter into friendly competitions with his comrades, but he will rejoice in their victory as though it were his own victory. Hence he will have no jealousies, no heartburnings. If this conscript happens to find that he has surpassed others, this fact only gives him the happy opportunity of turning around and helping his comrades up to his own level. This is the high ground of the spirit toward which we must forever struggle and inwardly aspire.

But why is this devotion to the good so important? Because upon this devotion depends the safety of the world. In the hour when men lose all sense of this devotion, the social order of the world will crumble into chaos.

What, then, is the supreme form of the good, the form that embraces all the lesser needs of man? Let us turn for an answer to Jesus of Nazareth. Whatever else he was, he was in my judgment the supreme statesman of the world. He declares, again and again, that our supreme need, our supreme good, is the kingdom of brotherly order which he calls the Kingdom of Heaven, a brotherly order which he calls on us to establish in the world, a brotherly order that should extend its shining arms as a providence over the people. He makes it plain that our supreme duty in the world is the organization of a free commonwealth based on justice and all aglow with the divine spirit of brotherhood. And Jesus looks on this kingdom of order as so vitally important that he calls on men to give up all else in order to possess it—to give up mother and father for it if necessary—yes, give up their very all. Why? Because only in a social order of the brotherly sort can mother and father and all our dear ones find their true safety, find protection from the needless misfortunes of existence. This is the political vision of the world's supreme statesman. He lived to reveal this vision and he died to vindicate it.

All of the powers of Jesus were caught up into the

fire and passion of this great purpose. His Sermon on the Mount—the greatest sermon ever delivered in the hearing of men—is only a statement of first principles, only an outline of his political wisdom, only the preliminary notes of the Constitution of the New Brotherly Order. It is to the safe rest of this New Order that he calls men when he utters his great invitation to the sorrowing workers of the world: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This was a cry to Russia in her agony, to Germany in her travail, to Austria in her prostration, to England in her anxiety, to China in her destitution, to America in the perils of her prosperity. This supreme statesman sees that the world needs a new order of society, an order with a new spirit in the wheels. He sees that government must become the organ of Fraternity. In no other way can there be a shelter over the world.

Why are men and women called to this great task, called to the organization of a fraternal order? Because they are the active agents in the creation of a social providence over the race. What was the old idea of providence? It took the ground that God does everything, and that all things happen by His will. This seems to me to be a mischievous doctrine, one that tends to make men listless and indifferent in regard to the public welfare. The truth is that we are all called on to co-operate with the higher powers in the creation of the fate of the world, in the creation of a social providence that shall be a shelter over humanity.

We have thousands of illustrations of this social providence in scattered instances, this social providence in partial action. Take the case of Cuba after the Spanish War. For years the island had been a hotbed of malaria and yellow fever. The death rate rose to a dizzy height. In the old unthinking times, men would have said that all this was happening by the will of God. But our scientists knew that it was all happening by the will of Ignorance—Ignorance in Action. So the American government called General Wood and George Waring to grapple with this grim evil in Cuba, and with the help of science they purged and purified the drains of the cities and the swamps of the island. Before the march of the white angels of purgation, the disease began to take flight, and the health rate rose to a level higher than the normal. Here is a hint of what God expects of us men and women in setting right our neglects and blunders; here is a hint of the manner in which we are called on to organize a social providence that shall shelter the world.

We will some time extend this providence over the industrial and social world. Then the doors of opportunity will always be open so that all men and women will have their chance. More and more, we must so organize the world that every one—from the least to the greatest—who renders honest service, shall receive those racial and material resources necessary for living a complete life. And the three great necessities of men are bread, beauty and brotherhood.

We must finally reach a time when the farmer, the orchardist and the cotton-grower shall no longer be the victims of the rapacity of profiteers. Fruits and vegetables will no longer rot in the fields while there is a loud demand for them to feed the hungry in the great cities. All productive lands will be brought within easy reach of the men and women who will make the lands fruitful. Even the gray deserts, under the touch of irrigating waters, will feel the spirit of life and will ripple with corn and wheat and redden with flowers. There will be work for every one who will render honest service. There are now four million men walking the streets and roads of America, looking for work. We will find a way to prevent these tragic and grotesque misfortunes. For labor must finally be lifted to its supreme place and be organized into its harmonies.

But, says the easy rosy optimist, time will do all this for us—evolution will do its work! Not so. Man is himself a fate. Luther Burbank, in a few guarded years, has worked for plants and fruits the changes and improvements that in the old-fashioned chance and luck—in the scientists' theory of selection—would have needed hundreds of years to evolve.

If nature's random plans can be improved, so can our social plans. A man can have his condition changed as well as a cactus can. A community can be toned up as well as a field of potatoes can.

But how does the matter stand too often now in our world where there is no ample and adequate organization of labor? Prosperous years are frequently followed by years when hundreds of thousands of useful and willing men can get no labor. Months and months go by during which the men who produce corn are unable to earn their daily bread, although the granaries are burdened. Then the expert tells us that the cause of these hard times is over-production, that we have too many of the good things of life. Over-production has caused destitution. The time will come when the world will have a great moral awakening, and then these poverties and paradoxes will disappear, and a noble happiness will thrill the world.

These social disasters, including military disasters, help greatly to cause moral disasters in the spirit of men. These disorders plunge men into despair and into rebellion. Only a short time ago a distinguished pastor of one of the great churches in New York City declared that the World War had destroyed his belief in God, his faith in Christ, and his confidence in human nature, and a pastor from Cleveland joined in the same gesture and Jeremiad.

But this doubt that there is reason at the heart of things is spread widely over the planet. So men are everywhere asking, Where is God? They see no God because they see no social providence. They see nations in their blind battles, toilers in their destitutions, children in their joy-robbed existences, so they cry out, Where is God? The answer is: God is where men find Him. God is waiting to appear in His providence; and His providence will appear only when men rise in their heroism and organize His providence. God is in the world in the raw materials of providence, but in the ultimate and efficient sense there is now no providence. Let men set their heel upon their selfishness, and rising as heroes let them come forth to create the safety of the world. This is life's big business.

Shall We Look to Europe for Our Spiritual Strength?

The Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, D. D.

General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America

SHALL we look to Europe for our moral ideals and for our spiritual resources? I have begun to think that this is not an unreasonable consideration.

At a recent public gathering in honor of the new Ambassador from Italy, for some reason which I do not understand, the customary prayer of gratitude to God on such occasions was eliminated. I suspect the omission was on the assumption that any religious touch to the occasion might possibly be offensive to a foreign ambassador. If so, it must have been with some surprise that his address was listened to, replete as it was, not only with a deep religious spirit and reverent tone, but with discerning quotations from the Holy Scripture and touching reference to the religious life.

The newspaper dispatches nearly every morning contain, in connection with our foreign correspondence, references to impending dangers threatening "American rights," and "American interests." The various trade journals constantly bemoan our economic and business conditions. The *Wall Street Journal* pleads with pathos for the reduction of wage scales to save us from impending poverty.

Meanwhile, strangely enough, the most buoyant notes of faith and hope come from the devastated regions of France, from turbulent Italy. Their messengers never utter a note of complaint, they do not come to beg, they are reserved and dignified and, despite all their vicarious suffering, they have no mien of pharisaism. They often make no appeal except that which is inherent in the moral tone and the spiritual force of their message.

There are three of these messengers whose public utterances I have heard and with whom I have had the privilege of some personal conference. Rene Viviani spent a little time the other day with the Federal Council's Commission on Relations with France and Belgium. M. Viviani is not distinctively a churchman; indeed, there are those who have counted him among the unfaithful because of his attitude many years ago on the relation between the Church and State. But the burden of his utterance was that of gratitude for the moral and spiritual help of our churches, without which, according to Viviani, our material help would have availed little.

Speaking of the attitude of his country toward religion he said:

> "Before the war there were those who thought that we were a light-hearted, skeptical, superficial nation, without spiritual force, without moral imspiration. The true nature of our people came out in the war and the world realized that France had twenty centuries in which she has stood for the rights and liberties of mankind.
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> "Our nation is a country of tolerance, but also of profound faith. To us has been given the privilege of suffering for mankind. It was one of our great statesmen, who was also an illustrious poet, Lamartine, who characterized France as 'the Christ of humanity.' His word is true in a deep and reverent sense. France has suffered for the sake of the world. It is still her mission to suffer, and from you, above all things, she seeks moral and spiritual help in prayerfully and reverently fulfilling her mission.
>
> "She means not only to protect, but to respect religious faith. She believes in Christianity."

Again, perhaps one would not look to a lawyer and diplomat coming from Italy for spiritual ideals, but the recent address of Vittorio Rolandi Ricci was a most unusual diplomatic utterance. It was somewhat different from what we are used to hearing from foreign ambassadors, and while it was being spoken in the music of the Italian tongue I felt rather glad, on the whole, that the destinies of the world are not altogether, as some of us are fond of acclaiming, confined to the "English speaking" peoples. Both the spirit and the words of the utterance were at one and the same time simple and lofty. Our messenger from Italy repudiated in vigorous language both the epicurean and stoic views of life. He refused to accept a materialistic view of social development. "We can still make our own the consoling words of St. Paul, 'We are saved by hope.' " He made an earnest plea for unselfish co-operation in industry and set forth among his highest tributes to his people the fact that, "on signing the armistice, before the grass had grown on the graves of their dead, while their crippled soldiers were still limping through their streets, they rushed with a mother's pity to help the little children of Austria—their conquered enemy. And to-day they are relieving that misery with brotherly charity. When did history ever record a nobler act of human fellowship—of Christian love?"

In his splendid note of hope, he refused to exclude Russia—expressed deep faith in her remarkable people, and closed one of his most effective passages with these apostolic words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

He stood for that element in his nation which believed that, "not by the subjection of one class to another, but by the reciprocal co-operation of all classes, is order obtained and the authority of the state made the moderating sovereign over all."

I have never felt more deeply and reverently impressed than when this messenger of moral ideals and spiritual hope from Italy closed his address with Whittier's prayer:

> "And grant, O Father, that the time
> Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
> When every land and tongue and clime
> The message of Thy love shall hear."

Another of these messengers of light from Europe comes from little Serbia—the Bishop of his Church. Like the Ambassador from Italy, he presents no appeal nor claim of rights, holds forth no hand inviting alms. He simply revealed the depths of his heart and has shown to those of us who have had the privilege of listening to him how great souls in Europe, tried as by fire, have emerged with deep spiritual power.

Messages from across the sea by the mails which

lie before me, from such men as Hymans, president of the League of Nations, are devoid of all complaint. They all breathe a splendid idealism; they never fail to sound the note of hope. They appeal, not to our "interests," but to our faith.

That there are, in Europe, intrigues, moral lapses, ungodly diplomacies and many other evils, we are well aware, but no one can touch the deeper life of our brethren across the sea, amid their patient suffering, without deep respect, a new confidence in God and man and, above all, without profound humility.

Three years ago America became the moral stay of Europe, but I now find myself again and again asking the question, is Europe now going to save us? Shall we not look for our moral ideals as a nation and for the awakening of our spiritual impulses to our suffering brethren across the sea? May not they, in the last analysis, rather than ourselves, receive the Master's reward, in that it is more blessed to give than to receive?

The Christian Substitute for Force

Friends' Peace Committee

SPIRITUAL forces form the foundation upon which our institutions rest. Great social structures are sustained by the power of faith, loyalty, justice and love. Not only the kingdom of heaven but also the empires of earth are "within" men. When loyalty to the Czar died out of the hearts of the Russian people, Nicholas found himself a helpless man in the midst of his vast estates and former armies. Napoleon did not get the "grand army" by the might of his fists; he won his men by championing their cause, by dazzling their imaginations and winning their hearts.

Physical force alone is inadequate to preserve our institutions. Once men believed that Christian faith could only be preserved in the last resort by violence. The dungeon, rack and stake were used to protect the Church. To-day in America the Church survives and flourishes without reliance on force. Likewise the family has survived, although we no longer force unwilling women into the marriage bond. When will the State be wise enough to disarm its foes by treating them with justice and love, without the threat of armaments?

Altruism is as ancient in history as selfishness. Kropotkin, in his "Mutual Aid," showed the doctrine of the survival of the fittest to be unscientific. God is not always on the side of the heaviest battalions. Within limited areas, men are controlled by altruistic motives. Parents give themselves for their children; patriots die for their country. History and tradition glorify the deed. The practise of universal brotherhood, calling out in us and trusting in others a code of unselfish honor in all personal and international relations, would produce a Christian universalism as reliable as the basis of social institutions as is nationalistic patriotism, and as far above it as modern patriotism is above the tribal clannishness of ancient Scotland or Israel.

There is ample basis in history and in the science of life for belief in the sufficiency of the forces of justice, sympathy, kindness, love and faith, to provide for all that we value in our present social order. When the American Union was formed, the states, "in order to provide for the common defense and to promote the general welfare," disarmed against each other. Succeeding generations have found this policy far more effective in making life, person and property secure than the armed peace of the medieval barons or the individual preparedness of the western frontier. Women and children from the point of view of physical force are helpless, yet they are safe in any society when they possess the love, chivalry and respect of the men. It is only in war time, when the force which is invoked for their ostensible protection fails, that they suffer wholesale violence. Such was the condition in France and Belgium.

As a nation we should equip ourselves to deal with the problems of international relations not by threat or use of force, but by agencies of helpfulness and good-will. A Secretary of Peace in the Cabinet should direct such work as the sanitation of Havana, Vera Cruz, and Panama, and come to the aid of less favored countries like Haiti. Under him should be a force of workers as effective as the army, but as inoffensive to the pride and liberties of other peoples as the Red Cross. The American consuls and diplomats should co-operate with him by keeping him informed concerning conditions in other countries. The Secretary of Peace should have the direction of the Red Cross, using the forces at his disposal to help needy peoples in such a way that there would be no suspicion of that aggression or sovereignty on our part which the presence of soldiers always excites.

While waiting for such provision in our government for the use of good-will as an agent of national self-protection and neighborly helpfulness, we must rely on the voluntary work of men of good-will among us. If a mere handful of our choicest young men and women, compared to the number a war would call for, would volunteer in response to the deep needs of such countries as Mexico and Japan, it would do more than an army to make us secure from danger; and if our people at home were willing to support these volunteers with a tithe of what they would give in case of war, and would treat the inhabitants of these countries with Christian courtesy and impartial good-will, the danger of war with these countries would disappear forever.

We do not expect the immediate application of the law of love to solve all difficulties or to have no failures. Jesus refused the sword and met evil with truth and love. Love and truth were not sufficient to protect him. He lost his life, but he saved his cause. We must not forget that a large part of those who attempt to defend property, life or country by armed force suffer the same fate. It is a curious mental twist that makes so many think that the use of force is always safe. Not all wars of defense are successful. The early Christians, the seventeenth century Quakers in England, and Penn among the American Indians,

won without fighting and suffered less than most peoples who take the sword. And so we believe that after a century of trial of such forces as war, hate and national selfishness, peaceful methods would not have failed in 1914 as they failed.

We draw out from others largely what we give them. War produces hate, and hate produces war. In 1871 Germany imposed an enormous indemnity on prostrate France and took Alsace-Lorraine. It revived an ancient enmity, which ended in the deluge of blood in 1914. Now France is demanding exorbitant reparations from fallen Germany. She must henceforth squander the earnings of her peasants on an army to guard against German revenge. The only way to end this entail of hate and fear is by active good will, mercy, and the ministry of reconciliation. A part of the people of the United States have entrusted the Society of Friends with the distribution of their gifts of mercy to the underfed children of Germany, Austria, and Poland. The work is making the name "America" a password of friendship in the hearts of the coming generations of Germans. They will cherish no desire for revenge against America, for in their case we have effectively overcome evil with good.

How Do We Get Acquainted?---A Sermon

The Rev. Frank Durward Adams, D. D.

"For I know him whom I have believed." 2 Tim. 1 : 12.

THOUGH Jesus and Paul were born within twelve months of each other, and their homes for many years were only a few miles apart, we have no reason to believe that they ever met face to face. Paul would surely have mentioned it in some of his letters if they had. He speaks of having seen Jesus but once. That was on the road to Damascus, where, as to a child untimely born, the Master appeared to him also. So we must be careful not to take this text in a bald and literal sense. Paul did know Jesus; there can be no doubt about that. But not in the sense of recognition through the eye. Manifestly the apostle is not speaking here in the ordinary sense of physical acquaintance at all.

This suggests my theme. How do we know men and things? How do we get acquainted? And what power have we, if any, to direct and control such acquaintance?

Professor Royce of Harvard used to point out to his students that there are two ways of knowing. One is by verbal description, the other is by appreciation. But it is apparent at once that Paul is not speaking of the first of these. No doubt he had heard from the disciples many detailed descriptions of the personal appearance of Jesus. No doubt he listened to them eagerly. I can fancy him saying to John or to Peter, "Tell me what Jesus looked like. Was he tall and commanding? Did he have wonderful eyes? And how did his voice sound when he uttered those exquisite sayings?" And I can imagine the animated way in which John or Peter would answer, and the eagerness with which Paul would drink in every word. But this is not what he had in mind when he wrote to Timothy. This alone would not enable him to know Jesus. We do not know Lincoln from any verbal description, be it ever so accurate and vivid. The fellowship we feel with that great soul is not due to the fact that we know he was tall, homely and ungainly. Moreover, one may be able to quote many of his great sayings verbatim, and yet have no acquaintance with the spirit of the man. A schoolboy may learn and recite the Gettysburg Address with much elocutionary skill, yet be thrilled by its sentiment no more than a poll-parrot calling for a cracker. In the same manner one may have a fine knowledge of history and yet no appreciation of the spirit of history. One may have read all the great novels without any real comprehension. One may know volumes of wonderful poetry without a suggestion of poetic thrill. All this is to know by description merely. The mind may visualize a scene with striking accuracy; it may visualize a man correctly, bone, flesh and blood; but yet no spirit moves upon the face of its creation.

Something more than mere description is essential, as Professor Royce has said. The other way of knowing is by appreciation. This is how we know poetry, love, patriotism and good-will. Appreciation is a function of the soul; and it must be added to the simple intellectual understanding of any idea before we really know it. And this is precisely what Paul meant. In addition to all the verbal descriptions, which no doubt were many and more or less accurate, he had a soul acquaintance with Jesus, a spiritual appreciation of his marvelous life and character, which enabled him to say to Timothy, "I know him whom I have believed."

We perceive at once that we have uncovered the secret. Are there any words in the dictionary able to tell you what love is? No, not even when you have experienced love. Can any man give you a description of truth? Pilate's question, "What is truth?" still awaits an answer. In the days of our blindness we wondered why Jesus did not explain it to him. But it is impossible to explain to any man who has not in his soul the capacity to appreciate the thing you are trying to explain. How then could Jesus make Pilate understand truth? Said William James, "The science of logic never made a man reason rightly, and the science of ethics never made a man behave rightly." Yet fine descriptions of both logic and ethics are to be found in the text-books. These things must be appreciated to be understood. Who could explain patriotism to a man who has never known a country? A man with no patriotism in his soul sits unmoved and reads the Gettysburg Address, but to him who has felt the passion to die for his country it thrills like a bugle-call. And even the bugle-call is only a sound to him who has never heard it in association with some deep, moving experience.

The same law applies in our personal acquaintance. How do you know people? By seeing them merely? If so, you would know hundreds of thousands in a lifetime. By hearing or reading a description of their personal appearance? Does it enable you to know a man to be told that he is so many inches tall, has dark hair, a ruddy complexion and brown eyes?

This may help to identify him in a crowd; but after you have found him he is still a stranger. Do we, indeed, ever know very many people? Or, to put the question in a different form, do we have a sympathetic appreciation of very many people? I trow not. I deem myself fortunate in that I have a few friends, quite as many as I deserve. Yet more of my friends are dead, gone into another place. Some of them belong to ages long past.

So Paul learned to know Jesus only when to description was added appreciation. Phillips Brooks uses the word sympathy instead of appreciation; and I am inclined to believe it the better word of the two. Sympathy means *feeling together,* entering into the life of another and sharing that other's sorrows, joys, loyalties and ideals. In true sympathy both the head and the heart are fully engaged. And we never quite know anybody, we never quite comprehend any idea, until both these elements are present. Paul had them both in his acquaintance with Jesus; he knew him by description and he knew him by appreciation and sympathy. Then he was able to say, "I know him whom I have believed."

Why are we able to appreciate great ideas and noble characters? Because they discover something in our minds that relates itself sympathetically with them. If a man does not appreciate heroism or unselfishness, it is because he has no heroism or unselfishness in himself. An author is a thousand books to a thousand persons, said Er erson. Why? Because in the mind of each one of the thousand there is something that relates itself differently to the idea in the book. So the resulting combination with the new idea will be different. The psychologist calls this *apperception,* which means simply the taking of an idea into the mind, and combining and relating it with what is already there.

You pick up a book and read something that thrills you through and through. You look at a picture, and a wave of emotional sympathy sweeps over you. There is something in your soul akin to the idea expressed by the author and the artist. Thus you appreciate it. While I was in the army I came upon a drawing on a magazine cover which stirred me profoundly. It was of a little child twining a bit of holly about a service flag. Three years earlier I would have wondered mildly what the artist was driving at. There was nothing in my life then that could have responded to the idea for which the service flag now stands. But what a difference those three years made! There is no better illustration of the point I am trying to make. Analyze it a bit. There was the sprig of holly, emblem of the Christmas-time, which suggests so much of gladness and joy. There was the service flag, emblem of patriotism, of a life offered for the defense of the nation. There was the little child, symbol of more than any father can put in words. And the blending of those three ideas in the picture produced something to which my whole being responded with a mighty throb.

Why is it that you seem to understand some people at once, feel immediately acquainted with them? There is something in your nature that sympathizes with something in theirs. On the other hand, you may dwell a lifetime side by side with a person and be all that time virtually a stranger to him.

The beginnings of this power of appreciation we get from our very earliest environment. These are also the most persistent and lasting. Many ideas hich mature judgment rejects as false retain their power of stirring up deep oceans of emotional sympathy within us simply because they are intimately related to the experience of childhood. Parents who would have their children appreciate things noble and fine will begin early to surround them with an atmosphere in which such interests can grow and thrive. The tone of the home, the ideals there cherished, the language used, the songs sung, the books on the shelves and the very pictures on the walls—all these combine to form the great sub-conscious background of every child's life. Against this background all later ideas will be thrown as upon a screen. They will unite with the ideas already there, changing and being changed in the process. Later on the school makes its contribution. Then the Sunday school and the church. And in the meantime the child's neighborhood playmates, and even the trees and shrubbery of the home garden, are all weaving themselves together and becoming a part of this sub-conscious background. What a responsibility it is to have a part in the moulding of a young life! And what an opportunity! And every wide-awake teacher knows as soon as a new pupil comes into her class-room how faithfully that responsibility has been met.

But this period of infancy comes all too soon to an end. Early or late, every soul is pushed perforce out upon the stream of independent life. Then we must assume responsibility for our own ideas and the manner of living that shapes them. Though it may seem that some never make a definite choice in life, being simply pushed this way and that by vagrant impulses and forces, the very fact that one does not choose is itself a choice. *He chooses not to choose!* We do elect the channels through which our lives are to flow. The doctrine of free moral agency, and its correlary, moral responsibility, is not a theory to be argued about. It is a principle to be obeyed. "See," said Moses to his people, "I have set before thee this day life and good, death and evil." This word is just as truly addressed to us and to our generation. You are what you are, and I am what I am this moment as the result of a deliberate choice of a manner of life, or a series of such choices. That choice may be allowed to stand, or we may choose again. And the glory of the great gospel we proclaim is that no soul ever gets beyond the power of choice, in this or in any other world.

Now choosing rightly simply means electing to grow in sympathy with those great forces that shape life on broad, generous and beautiful lines. It is opening the soul on its God-ward side. Sin has been well defined as choosing the lower in the presence of the higher. It is yielding to the false and low even while the true and lofty are beckoning. And whether I have done that or not I can always determine by a certain definite test: "For he hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. . . . . For in him we live and move and have our being." Do I rise to that? Does it thrill me with its prophetic promise? Or does it find me cynical and

cold? If the latter, I may well be afraid; for there is lacking in me that something that vibrates in sympathy with the faith of Paul when he uttered that saying. I have not yielded to the high spirit of human brotherhood. The very heart of Christianity is revealed in this line of the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors." If I have yielded to the spirit of the Christian religion, I can pray that prayer with a great throb of sympathy; and the picture of Jesus bending over the weeping sinner, and saying, "Thy sins are forgiven . . . Go in peace," wakens in me every sentiment of pity and understanding. But if I feel that it is only a bit of weak sentimentalism, in my heart I am yet only a pagan. I have not yielded to the sublime spirit of forgiveness. Or let the band strike up the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the hour of retreat. I see the rays of the setting sun kiss lovingly the folds of that flag as it is slowly lowered to the ground. And if I do not face that flag and snap to attention, while a big lump comes rising up in my throat, I am filled with doubt. Have I yielded to the spirit of patriotism? And if I can listen, without a feeling of being outraged, to any man who advances as Americanism any doctrine or sentiment that is out of harmony with the noblest ideals of my country, then I know I am fit for treasons, strategems and spoils!

No man need be in doubt about the degree or virility of his moral standards. If I have yielded myself to the high loyalties of life, a great book, a piece of fine music, an unselfish appeal, a noble character, will win a response from me as surely as the magnet draws the iron filings out of the sawdust.

To urge the seeking of life's nobler things merely for the sake of personal reward, is to degrade the whole appeal and miss the point entirely. Rewards are just one kind of consequences. They are always bound up in the causes that produce them. Here is no exception —I find that this opening of the soul on the God-ward side carries with it two priceless privileges.

First, it enables us rightly to interpret our own experience. Why are some people happy, while others, who have met similar experiences, are quite unhappy? Why are some trustful and calm, while others, living in much the same environment, are troubled and fearful in spirit? Simply because they interpret their experiences so differently. If I have yielded myself and become a willing servant of the spirit of the Master, I have learned, with Whittier, that

> "No harm from Him can come to me,
> On ocean or on shore."

I have learned that every loss and every gain, every sorrow and every joy, is a means of chastening, has power to sweeten my spirit, enlarge my sympathies and increase my ability to minister to those about me.

But if I have closed my life on the God-ward side, no light from heaven shines into the dark places. I become self-centered, and cry out rebelliously against the very experiences that have power to open my eyes and chasten my spirit. There are certain experiences of life concerning which we have no choice; we must meet them willy-nilly. But there the fatalism ends. It is wholly in our power to say *in what spirit we shall meet them*, and what shall be their reaction upon our lives. They may utterly crush and master us; or, by the grace of God, we may make them stepping-stones to higher things. Job, even in his agony of spirit, understood this, for he said, *"Though he slay me, yet will I wait for him."* Believe and know that behind that grim experience a great and good purpose is at work. And it was this consciousness that, no matter what might come, the spirit in which it was met was his deliberate choice, that inspired that immortal stanza which Henley penned while in a prison-cell:

> "It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishment the scroll:
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the Captain of my soul!"

And, lastly, when the door is open on the God-ward side, we are able to discover the divine in all things and in all men. How true it is that "nothing walks with aimless feet!" It might seem superficially that Paul's choice on that Damascus Road had brought him nothing but persecution, suffering and want. Far from it. He found the most wonderful comradeship known to man. As Dr. J. Fort Newton is fond of pointing out, Christianity is essentially a divine friendship. It was that to Paul, and it is that to every man who will enter into the soul of it. To be able to appreciate, even in a small degree, the mind and heart of Jesus is beyond all measure the highest attainment within reach of man.

But it is not in Jesus alone that we are able to discover the divine. We find it even in the most sordid things, in the most unlovely lives. We always find what we are looking for. We attract that to which our minds are open. This is why Jesus is the Saviour of the world. There is in him that which brings out the divine spark in the meanest soul that ever walked the earth. No soul, having stood once in his purifying presence, can be mean forever. In every one of us there lies this same power of ineffable discovery. For illustration, listen to this story which comes to us out of the welter of the world-war. A British airman, while fighting on the Western front, brought down a German flyer. It was within the lines of the Allies, and he descended to see what damage he had done. He found the German, who was a mere youth, dead, and his plane a wreck. On the body was found a photograph of a woman; and the inscription on the back of it identified her as the boy's mother, and gave her address in Germany. The heart of the Britisher was touched, for here was something that appealed to his better nature. All at once he forgot the war and its hatreds, and was overwhelmed with sorrow that he had killed this German mother's boy. And while the better mood was still upon him, he wrote her a little letter, told her how sorry he was, and asked forgiveness. He enclosed the picture and mailed the message to the mother in Germany.

You know how prone we were in the madness of those awful days to think that all Germans were barbarians, that there were no fine spirits among them. But every manly and womanly heart will respond to the spirit of this German mother's answer to the British airman. The letter was printed in the *Manchester Guardian*, and quoted in the *Christian Commonwealth:*

"There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are in your troubled goodness. I feel you coming to me like a little boy, astounded at having done ill when you meant well. I am glad your hand cared for my boy. I had rather you than any other touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness. I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality, for all men are our sons. That makes war a monster, that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women more than men have been to blame for this world-war. We did not think of the world's children as our children. The baby hands that clutched our breasts were so sweet we forgot the other hundred baby hands that stretched out to us, and now my heart aches with repentance. When this war is over, come to me; I am waiting for you."

What a classic! In its simplicity, its sweet gentleness, its expression of the cherishing, forgiving mother-heart of the world, it is like the touch of a tender hand. And when we have done with our madness, when we have yielded our hearts to the same healing spirit, when we have opened our eyes to the truth that all men are our brothers, then, mayhap, we shall be able to look upon the wondrous face of our Elder Brother, the chiefest among ten thousand, and say with Paul, "I know him whom I have believed."

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,
The Light, the Truth, the Way."

The Liberal Collegian Looks at the World

Daniel Evans

IT is always well for older persons to keep close to the youth of the community, for in this way they come near to the sources of new life, high idealism and noble enthusiasm, and thus not only refresh their own lives, but discover the human forces that will rule the world to-morrow.

This is particularly true of the college youth, for they have the additional advantage over other youth that they are in touch with the master minds and the great souls of the past, and they have the privilege of studying the deeper contemporary trends of thought under competent instructors. It is therefore of the utmost importance that we who are their parents, pastors, teachers, or elders should keep in sympathetic touch with them.

A very significant Convention of Liberal Students was held at Harvard University not long ago. The students came from forty-five colleges, from near and far, and in larger numbers than had been expected. The young women played as important and intelligent a part as the young men. The students represented various races and different creeds. Some had already suffered grievously for their convictions, and all of them were in very dead earnest.

They differed amongst themselves on some questions, but they were all practically agreed on this statement of their principles: "The cultivation of the open mind; the development of an informed student opinion on social, political and international questions; the encouragement of inquiry; the presentation of facts; the subservience to no 'isms,' and the education of college youth in the problems of citizenship."

These students sought information, counsel and inspiration from older men and women, who had done much in their own day and generation to bring the world nearer to their liberal ideals. They do not desire to break continuity with the better and wiser past, and such a veteran as Dr. Eliot commended them and counseled them in these matters. They were, however, naturally eager to know the kind of world into which they are soon to enter, and they sought information on this subject from such a well informed person as Senator Ladd.

The importance of this movement can not but be great. Here are young men and women, the choicest youth of our day, who are not asking or seeking for places of profit, but for positions of service, where they can remain true to their ideals, who are willing to sacrifice everything rather than principle, and are determined to be free men and women in industry, society and politics. Yesterday college men arose to the challenge of war and to the task of making the world safe for democracy; to-day these young students arise to the challenge of peace and accept the greatest task of making democracy safe for the world.

All the forces that are working for a better social order should rejoice that they are to have such allies in this rising generation of college youth. Certainly the Christian Church should welcome these young people and take new courage from the appeal the higher idealism makes to the college youth of our land.

The Nash Company Expands

WHAT the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says "will be the largest co-operative clothing plant in the United States" has been assured by the recent purchase by the A. Nash Company of the bottling section of the former Moerlein Brewing Company, in that city.

On July 1, 1919, the Nash Company, with little collateral but the character of a business run by the Golden Rule and therefore having escaped all labor trouble in a fourteen week strike affecting practically all the clothing factories of Cincinnati, was backed by its bankers with $50,000 credit in order to lease the six-story building which for seventeen years had been the home of the Joseph A. Magnus Company, distillers and wholesale liquor dealers.

On June 8, 1921, the A. Nash Company bought outright for the sum of $225,000 the property of the Moerlein Brewing Company and, according to the report in the *Enquirer*, "will spend a like sum in equipping the plant."

The former distillery, now occupied by the Nash Company, has 37,500 square feet of floor space, every

inch of which has been utilized to its maximum capacity for many months. This property is under a lease which has twelve years more to run, and will continue to function as a unit of the Nash factory.

The former brewery, just purchased, has a present actual floor space of 100,000 square feet, and additional ground space which measure 88 by 323 feet by which the enlargement of the present building may be realized any time at short notice.

The building now occupied by the Nash Company houses about five hundred employees, but the business that has given the "Squarest Kind of a Square Deal" has grown so rapidly that for months past many outside shops have been engaged all over the city to help out the main plant. In addition to these there was organized about the first of the year the A. Nash Company of Tennessee, which is operating a pants factory, and this also is facing the necessity of finding larger quarters.

The building into possession of which the Nash Company now comes by direct purchase will accommodate two thousand employees, while the leased building will not be allowed to be idle for a moment.

The two plants will give the company slightly more than three and three-fourths acres of floor space, not counting any of the outside shops or the capacity of the Chattanooga factory. The reconstruction and equipment of the new building are already under way, having been placed in the hands of William Leiman, general contractor, immediately on the execution of the papers transferring the title to the property.

The force now employed in the quarters now occupied by aid of outside shops have been able to turn out from ten to twelve thousand suits, or overcoats, a month. The force now being mobilized in the new quarters will be able to turn out about two thousand suits, or overcoats, a day. This means the finishing of a suit, or overcoat, every fifteen seconds.

About two and one-half years ago the A. Nash Company was organized with about forty employees. The company occupied one floor of a factory building. Shortly after came the strike in the clothing industry in Cincinnati, which is still a period keenly remembered. It was only one of the industrial problems with which this new company found itself confronted. But Arthur Nash was not operating on any policy of opportunism. He had settled the principle on which his business would run as that of the Golden Rule. He adopted it in the literal words of Jesus: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." By this divine law he had decided to stand or fall. By this rule has the history of the company for the two years and six months been written.

The latest chapter in this experiment in applied Universalism is told in the following extract from the *Cincinnati Commercial Tribune* of June 14:

> Nine hundred employees of the A. Nash Tailoring Company, a profit-sharing firm, of Cincinnati, yesterday voted to refuse to accept a raise of wages of more than 10 to 15 per cent, although they had been offered a 20 to 30 per cent wage increase.
>
> After considering the profits of the concern since January 1 the workers decided that the firm should use a portion of the profits for the purpose of increasing the quality of the suits sold by it, without extra charge to the retailer or to the customer.
>
> Arthur Nash, president of the company, meets the general complaint of cancellation of orders and stagnation in the textile business with the statement that during the first five months of this year he has done more business than in the entire year 1919, in which prosperity in this country reached its peak.
>
> This action of employees of an establishment which has come to be known as "The Golden Rule Factory" was taken at a mass meeting held yesterday. The proposal that the firm use its profits for the purpose of improving the linings and trimmings of the suits for the consumer's benefit was made by one of the workmen. It was received with acclamation.

The Reflections of Tertullian Browne

VI. The Atheism of the Orthodox

It was said of a certain English bishop that he had stopped thinking twenty years ago—presumably he supposed that he had reached the farthest limit of truth and that God had nothing more to say. But this bishop was by no means a rare specimen; and there are species of a still greater singularity. They suppose that the farthest limit of truth was reached by people in the third or the sixteenth or some other century; and they get along quite satisfactorily without doing much thinking of their own. It is one of the characteristics of this species that it is apt to be very angry with any person who has the hardihood to think for himself and to suggest that our ancestors had no monopoly of the truth.

Let me try to set this frame of mind in a right relation to the facts of life.

There has been in our time no more fruitful clue to the meaning of the course of human affairs than Bergson's doctrine of the "*elan vital*," the urge and stress of Life. And he has shown how the Spirit of Life has been ever trying to overleap the limits of matter, breaking out here and there, hindered at this point, driven back at that, yet all the time pressing on and enlarging the frontiers of its empire. And it is this same urge in the region of human life that has lain behind the great formative passages of human history, those supreme moments the remembrance of which thrills us and warms our blood, when the race has seemed to leap into a larger inheritance of light and joy, and men have risen to great and awful heights of stature in the splendid struggle.

But the paradox of this struggle is that it is acutest when life has (as it were) to fight against itself. Disease is itself a form of life—perverted if you will, but still a form of life. The anthrax bacillus which kills a sheep is as much a manifestation of life as the sheep it kills. The tubercular bacillus which slays a man is as much an embodiment of life as the man it slays.

Life is indeed at odds with itself, ever at its own throat; and its worst enemies are of its own house-

hold, those which it brings forth out of its own womb. And this is the more true on the higher levels of life. In the world of man, its struggle is against its own tendency to harden and to crystallize, against the inertia of institutions which, created to be organs of security and enlargement, become too often the prison and the tomb of life. The fear, the timidity, the prejudice, which retard the movement of life are yet themselves part of life; for life is afraid of itself, afraid of its own temerity, afraid of the consequences of its own exploits, afraid of the unknown into which it has to fare forth. Yet all vital advance is an adventure; life has ever to go out not knowing whither it goes. Every step it takes is a step into the dark. Just as, in the animal world, life had to forsake the security of protective armor and the crustacean had to shed its crust to become free-moving fish or fowl, so the time comes in human life when it has to fare forth into the unknown, leaving the tried and known security of institutions, the familiarity of well-trodden ways, to add new regions to its empire, to find space and enlargement adequate to its own possibilities. And Bergson (if I may again quote him) tells us that in the animal world the forms of life that have made the greatest success are those which have taken the greatest risks. And if you want to translate this thought into the idiom of the human spirit, you may say that those men and those societies have achieved most who have had the greatest faith.

When life has made an advance and has gained some ground, it proceeds at once to "dig itself in"—as the soldiers did in the war when they took up a new line. They did this in the war in order to prevent the possibility of having to fall back and of losing what they had gained. And that is why life also digs itself in. It creates institutions, it formulates doctrines, it develops traditions—and these are the trenches by which it hopes to retain the new ground and to prevent regression and retreat. But suppose that in the course of the war the idea had grown that the front line trenches were to be regarded not as marking a stage in the line of advance but as a sort of frontier, and it became an offense not only to go beyond but even to talk of going beyond this frontier, then you would have a position analogous to what always happens in the regions of life. A point comes when men forget that their traditions, doctrines, institutions, merely mark the limit of the last advance, and suppose that they represent the last frontier, and that beyond them lie only destruction and darkness and death. And so we say: This institution is *sacro-sanct*, woe to him who touches it, criticises it, or tries to change it; this dogma is the last Word of God, woe to the heretic who denies it or departs from it; this tradition is the law and the prophets, woe to him who despises and assails it! And in this, man has always been as good as his word. He has stoned, burned, shot, starved, hanged, drawn, quartered, the venturesome person who questioned his orthodoxies and wanted to push out beyond the existing trenches.

But the one thing life can not do is to "stay pat." It is its genius to go ahead. And soon or late it gathers a company of brave souls and sends them "*over the top.*" Take for illustration the case of the Pilgrims. They were elect and courageous spirits chosen by the genius of life for one of its great advances. They had grown up in a day when deep and formidable entrenchments of institution and dogma in Church and State imprisoned life and held it down. But life will not long suffer itself to be thus fettered; and it called out these men and women, whose faith had cast out fear, and bade them cross that line, dare forth into no-man's land and carry the race a day's march nearer its promised land of Perfect Light and Perfect Freedom. Such were these Pilgrims—no fool-fanatics who did not know when they were well off, no dark, dour, spoil-sports as their enemies and some of their critics still suppose, but the chosen organs of life in its age-long Odyssey in search of a perfect home and a perfect day when it may come at last to full and perfect flower. They had their faults, their limitations; but life has to work with imperfect tools. And these men and women were the best tools to her hand at that time. But, in the event, they proved themselves to be the tools for that job.

So it has ever been. Every episode in the Odyssey of Life has its own special quality—and the Pilgrim story has its own uniqueness. But throughout it all runs this single golden thread—it is the triumphal Progress of the Spirit of Life. Yet we shall misconceive the Pilgrim story and all the high peaks in our history if we think of them as the achievement of this party or that, as the triumph of a side. It is rather the Triumph of Life, the great mother of us all, who has sometimes to triumph in the teeth of her children and who is too good a mother to let the folly of some of her children stand in the way of the good of the rest. The Spirit of Life can not be withstood; it is forever pushing out its frontiers into the unknown and expanding the bounds of its wide kingdom.

Now the moral of all this is simply that a man who would be true to life will never close the doors of his mind. He will not put an embargo upon his own thinking, or set up a creed or a formula or a tradition and say, Thus far shall I think and no farther. Rather will he say, These things that I have inherited from my fathers—creeds, traditions, institutions—are the landmarks of the road by which Life has reached me. At the end of that road, I stand—and go ahead. Otherwise one becomes a mere dealer in second hand goods. And there are such folk, poor immobile spirits whom the spirit of life has swept past and who in their dismay and bewilderment cry out, "Heretic," "Bolshevist!" or the first opprobrious name that comes to mind and saves the trouble of thinking. One can not keep pace with life without a mind ready for adventure. One may choose to stay behind the barricades of old belief, singing,

> "It was good enough for mother,
> And it is good enough for me."

but in that case we are not merely suffering from fear. Our trouble is a kind of atheism—no faith in the God of life. We can not trust Him to look after His own truth.

The attempt to stereotype thought—all forms of creedalism and dogmatism—is an offense against life, and in any case a useless thing. The one thing you can not do with life is to regimentate it; you can

not cut it down to a uniform pattern. It will not march to your orders; only to its own. And one needs to be up early, with a mind all awake, to keep up with it.

The man who prefers to live on in the cosy corner of ancient orthodoxy belongs to those forms of life which have stood still, while the Spirit of Life has gone ahead.

Tufts Holds Brilliant Commencement

WEATHER and wit conspired, on June 20, to give Tufts College its most brilliant Commencement Day. The memorable program of that occasion was a fitting climax to a series of gala events, beginning with Tufts' Pops Night and ending with the Senior Prom on the evening of the 20th. To the Universalist mind, it should be a matter of just pride that this institution, founded originally by distinguished Universalists to foster the liberal religion, saw fit on this occasion, despite the fact that the institution from the beginning has been undenominational, highly to honor a distinguished Universalist. President John A. Cousens, in behalf of the trustees, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Clarence Guy Robbins, in the following well-chosen words:

"Tufts College was founded as an undenominational institution, and since that time, there have been for its officers and teachers no restrictions or inhibitions on account of religion; but the founders of the college were Universalist men and women, and the relation between the college and the Universalist Church has been cordial and mutually helpful. Mr. Robbins, you have been earnest always to foster and promote this cordial spirit of mutual helpfulness. In recognition of this, and with appreciation of the qualities you have displayed as a man and as a minister, we confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Divinity."

The Commencement season began with Tufts Night at the Pops in Symphony Hall. The alumni and the student body bought the entire house. Never in the history of Tufts musical events was a more successful one fathered by Prof. Leo R. Lewis, who conducted personally the rendering of many Tufts songs and instrumental music. A brief concert was given during the intermission by the Glee Club.

On the morning of Friday, June 16, the seniors rejoiced to see sunny skies irradiate their Class Day. They held their last chapel service at 9.30 in Goddard Chapel, and heard addresses by President Cousens and by Dr. Lee S. McCollester, dean of Crane Theological School. At 10.45 the public exercises were held in the chapel.

The oration was given by Percy T. Smith, of Ludlow, Vt., who on Commencement Day received from Crane Theological School the degree of S. T. B. His subject was "The College Man and the World Vision." Mr. Smith pictured civilization in the West as at the cross-roads—one road leading to progress, the other to retrogression. To him, the college man must play a large part in the direction that civilization will take. "Therefore," declared the young orator, "it is necessary that he develop a world consciousnss, a world vision. Let him not glory alone in the fact that he loves his country, but that he loves mankind." And in completing his thought, he further said: "If he has attained the world vision, he rises above the masses submerged in international hatred. . . . There will be three things which he will see for the future of civilization. The first will be the vision of a world state, the second the vision of universal education, and the third the vision of a universal religion."

The class poem was read by Herma C. Rowe, of Manchester, N. H. The exercises closed with the singing of the class song, the words of which were written by Edward C. Welch of Lynn, and the music by Margaret S. Miller, of Bath, Me.

In the afternoon, the traditional Tree Exercises were held in the open auditorium. Ann M. Campbell, of Springfield, representing Jackson College, and Harold M. Turner, of Assinippi, representing Tufts, were the orators. Edward C. Parsons, of Dorchester, was the class historian.

More than six hundred alumni met on the Hill on Saturday, Alumni Day.

On Sunday afternoon the baccalaureate sermon was given in Goddard Chapel at 4 o'clock by Dr. McCollester. His text was "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and his subject, "A Revised American Creed for College Students." Did space permit, the whole of his address would be given here. He said: "Every graduate goes forth from college with two important ideals—one to fulfil himself, and the other to become a constructive factor in the progressive movement of his day." To give these aims an effective definiteness, he suggested for the college graduate this noble creed: "I believe in Americanizing all citizens; I believe in democratizing all workers; I believe in fraternalizing all peoples; I believe in rationalizing all thinking; I believe in spiritualizing all individuals." To give emphasis to the articles of this creed, he quoted historic utterances of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and the Mayflower Compact. He asked, in brief, of the seniors, service for the good of mankind.

The sixty-fifth Commencement on Monday, the 20th, began with prayer offered at 10.30 by Dr. McCollester, chaplain of the college. The representatives of the various schools of the college then gave their orations, as follows:

Leonard Carmichael, of Philadelphia, representing the School of Liberal Arts, "The Light on the Hill." Mr. Carmichael gave the story of the founding and growth of the college, and explained that his title was inspired by the often retold story of Charlie Tufts, the wealthy farmer, who, when asked one day what he purposed doing with the barren knoll on which the college now stands, replied, "I plan to put a light upon that hilltop."

Sara Murray Jordan, of Newton, representing the Medical School, "The Basal Rate of Metabolism an Aid to Diagnosis." Miss Jordan, now Dr. Jordan, is a graduate of Radcliffe, the University of Munich, and Tufts Medical School. Her subject, as explained by herself in simpler terms, dealt with "the chemica' process that makes it possible for us to live and work.'l

Another technical oration was delivered by John Twiss Blake, of Roslindale, representing the Engineering School—"Nitrogen Fixation a Vital Factor in Our National Welfare." He had the pleasure in the afternoon of hearing his thesis referred to by two distinguished guests of the college who received honorary degrees—Dr. William Henry Nichols and John Wingate Weeks, Secretary of War.

Alice Dowd Danver, of Glenbrook, Conn., representing Jackson College, "The New Demand Upon Educated Women."

Edgar Allen Wright, of Salem, representing the Dental School, "The Evolution of the X-ray."

Lloyd Hampton Valentine, of New York and Canton, representing Crane Theological School, spoke on "The Religion of Now." At a time when men's minds are vexed by doubt and confused by the turmoil of war's terrible aftermath, the clear message of this young man who has chosen the ministry for his career is rich with an intensive meaning.

President Cousens conferred degrees upon two hundred and eighty-seven seniors. Following this impressive ceremony, honorary degrees were conferred upon ten distinguished guests:

LL. D.

John W. Weeks, Secretary of War.

D.D.

Rev. Clarence G. Robbins, of Lawrence.

L. H. D.

Samuel P. Capen, United States Commissioner of Education (son of the late President Capen of Tufts).

Frank Pierrepont Graves, dean of the School of Education, University of Pennsylvania, and editor of the *Educational Review*.

Sc. D.

Frank William Durkee, professor of chemistry at Tufts.

William Henry Nichols, manufacturing chemist, New York.

A. M.

Evangeline Corey Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States and its possessions.

Waldo Lincoln Cook, editorial director of the *Springfield Republican*.

Joseph Rodefer DeCamp, artist, Boston.

Samuel Orace Dunn, author and editor, Chicago.

These were the distinctive features of Tufts' sixty-fifth Commencement which, in the words of the president of the board of trustees, Austen B. Fletcher, made it "the best Commencement since 1875."

Commencement at St. Lawrence

COMMENCEMENT at St. Lawrence University this year was satisfactory from every point of view—the weather was all that could be desired, a goodly number of alumni, many of whom had not been back for years, returned, the various exercises of the week were of a high order, and, above all, a general spirit of optimism and of faith in a larger future for St. Lawrence was prevalent.

The week may be said to have begun on Friday, June 3, with the exercises of Moving-Up-Day—a unique and distinctively college day in the University calendar. This is the day when the seniors, this year numbering fifty-nine, first put on their caps and gowns, and the different classes, in a service that is symbolic of their advancement to a higher class, change in an orderly march their sittings in the chapel—the freshmen taking the sophomores' seats, the sophomores the juniors', and the juniors the seniors'. Dr. J. M. Atwood gave the address of the occasion.

Friday and Saturday evenings were given over to the presentation of three one-act plays by "The Mummers," the dramatic organization of the college, under the direction of Prof. Edson R. Miles. The admirable manner in which the plays, quite different in character, "The Monkey's Paw," "The Wonder Hat," and "Neighbors," were presented, evoked highest commendation both for student actors and Professor Miles.

Saturday, the various official boards of the University held their meetings. A good sign of the healthy condition of the University is shown by the fact that the program of advancing the salaries of the professors and instructors is being carried forward steadily. A new professorship was also provided for. President Sykes was able to report not only that the first $200,000 of the $500,000 had already been raised, but that the Rockefeller Educational Board had promised $100,000 toward the remaining $300,000.

The Annual Alumni Parade occurred Saturday afternoon, the A. B. Hervey cup for the class making the best appearance being awarded to that of 1911. Later in the evening the Alumni Luncheon, at which enthusiastic graduates discussed college affairs, was enjoyed by a large number.

The sixty-first commencement of the Theological School occurred Sunday morning at the Universalist church. The graduates were Ethel Mae Freeman, in the Minister's Assistant course, who delivered an interesting thesis on "The Bible and the Sunday School," and Ellsworth Charles Reamon, in the combined college-divinity course, who handled well the subject, "Dynamic versus Static Conceptions in Religion." The Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D., gave the Commencement address, and brought a message that profoundly stirred the large audience present. It is hoped that Dr. Newton will form the habit of making visits regularly to St. Lawrence. He will always receive an enthusiastic welcome. The diplomas were conferred by President Sykes, Dean Atwood speaking the final words to the graduates for the faculty. Miss Freeman is to be the minister's assistant at All Soul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., while Mr. Reamon has accepted a call as assistant minister, Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis.

President Richard E. Sykes delivered the annual baccalaureate sermon Sunday afternoon, June 5, in the Opera House, to an audience that completely filled the large auditorium. His remarks were based on the familiar words of Jesus, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." His theme was "Service above Self." He pointed out that the lives that have been of greatest worth are those that have exemplified this spirit, and showed how this spirit of unselfish devotion had characterized the officers and teachers who made St. Lawrence Uni-

versity the institution it is and gave it its best traditions. He exhorted the graduates to study her history, imbibe her spirit, and learn that they "profit most who serve best."

The feature of the exercises on Monday was the "Alumni Chapel," when graduates who had returned were called on informally to say what the occasion prompted. It was a delightful occasion. The old chapel in Fisher Hall was crowded to overflowing, many being unable to gain entrance. Dr. Sykes presided and called on the following: Mrs. Florence Lee Whitman, '82, of Cambridge, Mass., who was introduced as a new member of the Board of Trustees; Harry W. Forbes, '98 (son of the late Rev. H. P. Forbes, D. D.), who as a member of the famous law firm of Shearman, Sterling & Co. was stated to be the foremost legal expert on the income tax in the United States; Ernest L. Robinson, '11; William Trench, '73; Mrs. Mary B. Kinsley, who was announced to have just given $4,500 in memory of her husband, Henry Kinsley, '87; Louis Pink, '04; Carl H. Black, '08; Marion Langley, '20; Irving Bacheller, '82; and Dr. C. K. Gaines, '76. All, especially Mr. Forbes, spoke most happily and kept the large company in a merry mood.

The exercises of the Domestic Science Normal Department of the State School of Agriculture took place Monday afternoon, and were exceptionally good. The Rev. J. M. Payson, D. D., who more than any other one person is the animating spirit of the school, delivered the annual address.

The Commencement of the College of Letters and Science was held Tuesday morning at the Opera House. Following the academic procession headed by President Sykes, Rev. Fred C. Leining, '08, whose brother was a graduate, offered prayer. Theses were delivered by Hazel Irene Northrup, "What Is Wrong with American Fiction?" Emerson Hugh Lalone, "Is There Hope for Russia?" Elizabeth Blanche Sykes (President Sykes' younger daughter), "The Psychology of Advertising," and Albert N. Woodhead, "A Defense of the American Press." All were of unusual merit. Only one honorary degree was conferred—Doctor of Laws on Justice Frederic Crane of the New York Court of Appeals. As stated before, there were fifty-nine graduates, eighteen receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and forty-one that of Bachelor of Science.

At the Commencement Luncheon, Tuesday afternoon, Justice Crane, the Rev. F. C. Leining and C. S. Brewer ('91), among others gave stirring addresses, and the Commencement for 1921 closed with the annual Junior "Prom" which *began* Tuesday evening.

Lombard Commencement

COMMENCEMENT at Lombard this year was again a week of perfect weather, happy crowds, a most successful and very full program. It marked the end of Dr. Tilden's fifth year at the college, and the loyal alumni and many friends present took advantage of the opportunity to express their congratulations for his five years and assure him of their hearty co-operation in carrying out the "three year program" he proposed in his annual report.

The success of registration, of income, of salaries paid and of educational progress shows a steady upward trend during the five years just completed, while, with efficient business methods adopted, the cost per capita of educating the students shows a slight, steady decrease, notwithstanding the deflated value of the dollar and the faculty salary increases.

From the annual "Townsend Declamatory Contests" on Saturday evening, until the close of the Senior ball, Wednesday night, there was hardly a breathing spell, and everybody went home declaring that Lombard's sixty-ninth Commencement was the best ever.

The Rev. Pliny A. Allen preached the baccalaureate to an audience that taxed the capacity of the First Universalist Church, and Dr. L. Ward Brigham, class of '83, Lombard, delivered the Commencement address in the shade of the trees on the campus. One of the most beautiful and attractive features of the perfect Commencement was the Pageant "Robin Hood and His Merrie Men," which was produced by the girls of the college in the grove on the west end of the campus, before a crowd of over two thousand alumni, friends and town people.

Among the many encouraging items mentioned in President Tilden's report is the fact that every regular member of this year's faculty will return in September with the single exception of one who is on a leave of absence. Two new members will be added to take care of the increased registration.

During the year four educational honor societies have selected Lombard as worthy of a chapter, and the announcement was received with much gratification: Theta Chi Delta, an honor society in Chemistry; Sigma Delta Psi, an honor society in Athletics and Scholastics; Gamma Epsilon Tau, an honor society in Mathematics and Science; Lambda Phi Delta, an honor society in Oratory.

The report concerning new buildings and equipment showed that the plans of the Tompkins Science Hall were completed and that work would be begun during the summer. The gymnasium heating and equipment is completed with the exception of the lockers and the remaking of the Athletic Field, which will be started as soon as the bids are completed. The trustees sanctioned the recommendation of building houses for certain of the faculty and for remodeling Old Main to provide at least three more recitation rooms.

It was a most successful week, and the evidences of educational, denominational, and financial progress were abundant. In the words of President Tilden's report, "If you see any progress, divide the credit equally among a happy, den ocratic group of students, a faithful Christian faculty, a loyal body of alumni and friends, and a co-operative Board of Trustees."

* * *

Jesus comes to offer not a new church, not a creed, but a kingdom—a friendly and co-operative social order founded upon absolute unselfishness.—*Edwin Markham.*

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Large Fire Cracker

IT came to pass in the days of old that a small boy bought for himself a Bunch of Firecrackers, that he might shoot them off on the Fourth Day of July. And he was Perfectly Happy until his Firecrackers gave out, save that he met a boy who had a Five-Cent Cracker that made more noise than his Whole Bunch. And he determined to go him One Better.

And the next year he bought a Ten-Cent Cracker; and in the year that followed, he bought a Cracker that cost Twenty-Five Cents.

And by that time he was the admiration of all the boys. But he considered that now he had them going, they would all buy Twenty-Five Cent Crackers in the next year, and there were no larger ones in the store.

Therefore did he study the mechanism of the Firecracker, and he bought Powder, and Fuse, and Paper and Glue, and he took Clay to stop the ends of the Cracker, and he rolled the paper around the powder, and made a Firecracker as large as a length of Stove Pipe.

And it all went exactly as he had anticipated, save that the Coroner had to get into his Ford Car and ride over about seven townships before he could decide where to hold the Inquest.

Now I have lived long since that day, and I have seen the process repeated more than once. I have seen men spreading themselves like Green Bay Trees, and determined to make more Noise than their neighbors, and to do things that the neighbors could not surpass.

And several times in the history of the human race, I have had occasion to look around to find those same people, and, lo, they could not be found. Yea, I searched diligently for them, but they had fired their big Cracker, and blown up with it.

Now this have I observed concerning those men who seek to outdo their neighbors, that an Whole Bunch of Medium Sized Firecrackers costeth no more than one Cracker, and that the Bunch lasteth longer, and so, sometimes, doth the man who fireth it.

* * *

COLONEL GALBRAITH

The Rev. W. R. Rowland

Yes, I knew Fred Galbraith. I recall vividly the picture of him as he stood last winter in one of the sanitariums where many of our tubercular ex-soldiers were housed with insufficient blankets and poor food. With tears running down his face, he said, "Can it be that the great United States allows this? My God, think what these men have suffered and we forget them."

He was a great officer and a real man. He lived with his men. He stood by them regardless of personal danger or privation. I live in a town where one company of the 147th has largely returned to make their home. He has been here many times and we felt the close personal touch. Colonel Galbraith was a lover of humanity, anxious to do for all the unfortunate. As head of the American Legion he bearded the lion of officialdom and demanded justice for the ex-service men. There was no individual case that he would not aid, and he was behind the work of Congressional legislation. Any one in the work for these men soon found the personality of Galbraith as the foundation of all their aims. The great suffering of the disabled soldiers, the slow working machinery for their relief, the graft in the care of them in the institutions, and the general apathy of the public, were discouraging indeed, and every one looked to Galbraith for inspiration and hope.

Thousands stood silently in the streets of Cincinnati as the gun carriage bore his remains through the streets guarded by the men he had led in battle. A local paper said: "There was never a funeral in Cincinnati like this one." Old comrades and friends, workers in many lines of war work, people in general, were dazed and discouraged by the loss of the leader. Already, there were sinister influences at work to retard Congressional work to relieve the needs of the ex-service men, there had already been an appeal to the avarice of the tax-payers, and since the passing of Colonel Galbraith it is more in evidence.

What will be the nation's memorial to the great heart, the strong will, and other splendid qualities, of the fallen hero? There can be no greater than to carry on the work he did so well. Shall mean politics defeat justice to our defenders? Will the Universalist Church stand silent in the need of the hour? We can not believe that it could so fail. Let us rally in the name and spirit of the great American, Fred Galbraith, and carry on till justice shall have come to all the men for whom he was trying to do so much. Every American has a duty in the building of the Galbraith Memorial. It must be a living thing of clean, enduring, constructive citizenship if it is to do honor to this life we would commemorate.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Charles A. Alden

JULY 10—SAUL THE PHARISEE

Acts 7-54 to 8 : 3; 22 : 3-4; 26 : 4-5 and 9-10

Action and Reaction

The prodigal son, finding how hard things have become for himself, can realize how hard he made it for the folks at home. Some prodigals are big enough to admit their own mistakes openly. They find a welcome in the Father's heart and arms always ready. But the elder brother is always somewhere around ever to remind them of their previous wanderings. Chickens come home to roost. There is no action without its natural reaction. Neither German nor French can escape the law. Humanity educated for centuries in the "eye for an eye" policy is suspicious of those who profess to be ready to lay down their lives in sacrificial service. And if one's own past holds records of the "eye for an eye" practise, the evidence of conversion needs much corroboration. Paul beginning to preach finds others perfectly ready to do to him what he had been willing to have done to Stephen. Tie this idea into the "certainty of just retribution for sin," reading "sin" in the terms of selfish arrogance, stern intolerance, and Pharisaic egotism, in teaching. Contrast then "virtue is its own reward," reading "virtue" in the terms of Galatians 5 : 22-23, "against which there is no law."

Stoning the Prophets

In a strain of great compassion Jesus refers to the unhappy experience of Israel as "killing the prophets and stoning them that were sent unto her," and in the gospel record it follows a stern comparison of the then present action with that of the past. Read Matthew 23 : 29-33. We do not stone prophets whose prophecies have been fulfilled, though this is perhaps partly because they usually by that time are beyond our reach. But when we realize that they knew what they were talking about, we build monuments to them. Joan of Arc is a fairly familiar example. Yet we continue to demonstrate that we "are the children of them that killed the prophets" and too consistently "filling up the measure of our fathers."

Consider the past (as in scripture) that we of the present may profit by the valuable lessons of its high-priced experience. But it is as essential at times to consider the present in the terms of the past that we do not duplicate its costly mistakes. Lowell described his present with the inquiry:

"Shall we in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?"

And Lowell again summed up the necessity which produced both the Paul and the Jesus of history, in these lines:

"Though we break our Fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed.
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State, while we're doubly false to God."

In last Sunday's lesson, Paul commended the sacred writing (the scripture) as "able to make thee wise unto salvation." The mere possession of the scriptures does not amount to much. But if we put them to work, take their human experience and divine revelation and translate it into the terms of our present, they will produce treasure of wisdom. That is what Sunday school lessons, and incidentally all suggestive interpretations, are for. This is no attempt to dictate your selection of the modern prophets, but a reminder that the prophets of old have not died without spiritual issue. Make Stephen the martyr a Stephen of to-day, bearing another name but the same eternal spirit of human service, and you will get more out of this lesson than merely a re-reading of the first martyr's death. Let the Pharisaism of Paul, consenting to Stephen's death, forbid our duplicating his necessity for confession of a terrible mistake.

With Thought and Without

That the scattering messengers of truth, in the providence of God, may mean more to ultimate world-salvation than any mobilized institutional force, is one of the lessons germane to our discussion of this text. The concentric with their conventions are valuable, but the eccentric may supply more prevention of disaster. Perhaps we should have chosen Germany rather than Japan as a former mission field; but Japan may be Christianized to the eliminating of a future war, and prophets look ahead as well as behind, and see something ahead because they have seen something behind.

Paul's brief word of personal history, of his education at the feet of Gamaliel, is full of suggestion. The physical attitude suggests the extreme difficulty of learning when standing in self-satisfied domination. That his early conclusions were largely erroneous makes him typical of all humans. Think of our early conclusions that the earth was made in six days and was flat; or that the way to cure disease was to bleed the body—compare it with our practise now of the transfusion of blood. Then think of our entirely inadequate present makeshifts wherewith to meet the social and industrial conditions of to-day. Yet how many by their indifference signify that there is no larger truth beyond than what we now enjoy. Paul's word, "verily I thought," etc. (26 : 9), is suggestive of many who profess Christianity and yet, though seemingly intelligent in every other way, seem to have reached the conclusion that they too "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." But perhaps they are, after all, most of them in the larger class that, while acknowledging the importance of Christ's teaching, do many things contrary to it without any thought one way or the other. Make your Sunday School lesson text live in the terms of to-day and you can reap what Saul the Pharisee and Paul the apostle both sowed.

* * *

NOTES OF THE MORNING

Caught Through the Early Mists by a Staff Reporter

No Wet Finger to the Wind

Unless God fails, Christianity will not fail. The war came because there has been too little Christianity; because Christianity has been inadequately declared and applied. The supreme cause of this inadequacy has been the persistent, deep-rooted religious sophistries regarding the scope and essence of Christianity. These sophistries have obscured the need, the right, and the ability of Christianity to exert direct, outspoken influence for the transformation of political economy from a pagan to a Christian basis. They have held commerce to its ancient, war-breeding basis and kept business ambitions and initiatives largely prostituted to self-seeking, strife-producing motives—hence the war. . . . History expects party politics to "have an ear to the ground." History expects the press to "count on which side its bread is buttered." But history expects the representatives of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to proclaim against every wrong and for every right, to "abhor that which is evil," to "cleave to that which is good," without waiting to "hold up a wet finger to see which way the wind blows." Nor will the pulpit disappoint history. It is unfair to measure the pulpit by a few, timid, servile, mammonized samples. The pulpit has a right to be measured by the fearless, sacrificial, rank-and-file. Measured thus, the pulpit has been a John the Baptist, "a voice crying in the wilderness," the forerunner of every great moral, humanitarian, and religious reform since Christ was born. . . . Why is it that, as individual identities, some of us secretaries contribute so little toward any moral clean-up of the cities where we officiate and draw salary? Local religious leaders do not always count us in when planning a specific battle against a specific community evil or wrong. It is simply because we are very courageous toward the abstraction of "sin in general" but abjectly craven—God help us—toward the concretion of actual community evils that sap the characters of boys and men. (*Edward Grace, in Association Men.*)

Relate Prayer to Mankind

But then we meet the objection that we often ask for things that God does not give us; there is the whole problem of unanswered prayer. This objection often rises from the failure to recognize that prayer is social. And it is social because religion is social. When we ask for anything, we must not only pray on the basis of our true relationship to God, but on the basis of the true relationship of all men to God. It would contradict the religious basis of prayer to ask for anything that it would not be good for all to have, or good for all for me to have. . . . Some persons base all their faith in prayer on the fact that their prayers have been answered. I am compelled to base a good deal of my faith on the fact that some of my prayers were not answered. The more I learn of the way of prayer, the more I find myself praying for others and praying for those things that shall benefit mankind as a whole. (*Rev. W. E. Orchard, D. D., in the Congregationalist.*)

The Real Futurists

Those who endure through seeing the invisible, who believe in a to-morrow that crowns to-day, those on whose "lifted foreheads the God who maketh little manifest pours the boon of endless quest" and who, therefore, forgetting the things behind, press forward to the mark of the prize of their high calling—these are the men and women entitled to wear the word "futurist." They bear the title not in its narrowness and abuse, but in its breadth and splendor. It is the hermit soul that conjugates the verb "to live" only in the past and present tenses." (*William Hopkins, in the Continent.*)

Not Unlike President and Senate

Christianity to-day is not a matter for debate but for action. The age has gone by when a Christian was known by one's ability to split theological hairs and offer testimonies. The Christian to-day is known by the Christian service of his heart and life. The executive minister makes this the central keynote of his preaching. His task is to put the whole Church at work. The Church is the body of Christ. The minister too often has usurped the place of the Church. Others have watched him worship and urged him to service. The new day demands an organized Church, sacrificing and serving, to redeem the world. (*Rev. William H. Leach, in the Homiletic Review.*)

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

COURAGE

Courage! What if the snows are deep,
And what if the hills are long and steep,
And the days are short and the nights are long,
And the good are weak, and the bad are strong!
Courage! The snow is a field of play,
And the longest hill has a well-worn way;
There are songs that will shorten the longest night;
There's a day when wrong shall be ruled by right—
So Courage! Courage! 'Tis never so far
From a plodded path to a shining star.

Written by an A. E. F. Boy.

JIM BARTLETT'S FIFTH OF JULY PHILOSOPHY

OF course everybody celebrates the Fourth of July, but the only person I ever heard of that celebrated the fifth was Jim Bartlett down at Four Corners.

Jim was a blacksmith by trade, but a philosopher by nature. By right he should have lived back in Greece in the time of Plato and Socrates and the other philosophers, but instead, he had spent all his days in the little town where he was born, and rather prided himself on the fact that he had never been more than fifty miles away from it. But he knew the world just the same—that is, the human nature side of it, for all the world, sooner or later, finds its way to a blacksmith's shop.

He lived alone in a little house back of his shop. In summer one could hardly see it, so hidden was it by the trees; but the blacksmith shop was right on the main road and everybody passed it on their way to town and generally stopped for a word or two with the old blacksmith. I was no exception to the general rule, and hardly a day passed that I did not avail myself of the opportunity for a chat with him.

Sundays and holidays are exceptions, and this year, having a houseful of company and my children to amuse on the Fourth of July, I had no occasion for a trip to town, and so knew nothing of Jim's whereabouts or his method of celebrating. But on the morning after the holiday I was driving some guests up to the station for an early train and as we passed the blacksmith's shop I was astonished to discover its doors closed, a glorious flag floating in the breeze from a tall flagpole at the top of the building, and Jim in his spick and span best sitting in a comfortable old armchair in front of the door. I had never known such a thing to happen before, but I smiled to myself and said nothing except "Good-morning," believing Jim had got his dates mixed and was a day late in his celebration, as he was in almost everything he did. But on my way back, as I was alone and had the rest of the morning at my disposal, I tied the horse to the blacksmith's hitching post and sat down at Jim's feet for an explanation of his strange conduct.

"Well, Jim," I began, "aren't you just a little late in your celebrating? To-day's the fifth and not the Fourth of July. What were you doing yesterday?"

"Watchin' other folks celebrate, mostly, Mr. Allison. I cal'late I know what day it is to-day without any one's tellin' me. It's the fifth of July all right and the day I take to do my special kind of celebratin'."

"Why, what do you mean, Jim?" I asked with real curiosity, for although I was only a summer resident of Jim's small town I thought by this time I knew most of the special ways he had of doing things.

"Well, it's like this, if you really want to know," said Jim, as he filled up his pipe and lighted it. "You see Jed Putnam up at the Center was down here gettin' some horses shod a day or two before the Fourth some years ago and we got to talkin' about the day and the different ways folks had of celebratin'. After some discussion we come to the conclusion that a good big flag a-floatin' from one's house was about the most satisfactory way after all, 'cause you not only enjoyed it yourself all day without a speck of work, but you gave every one else a chance to do the same.

"Now neither of us had a flag, but talkin' about it so much made us both want one right then and there. I didn't have much spare money that year and Jed didn't neither, so it came over us both about the same time that we might put what little we did have together and buy one flag and take turns usin' it. Jed happened to have quite a bit more capital on hand than I did, so we decided it would be only fair for him to fly the flag from his house all day the Fourth the first year and at night when it was so dark no one could see it any more I'd take it over to my house and h'ist it early the next morning and let it float all day. Then the next year we'd turn things about and I'd have it all day the Fourth and give it to him the fifth. Well, sir, if you'll believe it, I got so much pleasure out of having that flag over my shop on the fifth of July that first year that I've had it that day ever since and Jed always has it the Fourth."

"Why, how's that, Jim? I should think you'd rather be on time once in a while and do your celebrating with the rest of us."

"Nope, I'm satisfied the other way, 'cause I think I do more for my country than as if I h'isted a dozen flags on the Fourth. You see the first time I tried celebratin' the fifth everybody that come along by the shop saw my flag and stopped and stared, whereas the day before they'd have been so used to seein' flags everywhere that they'd never took no notice of mine. After they'd stared a while somebody would say, 'Hello there, Jim, what you got your flag out to-day for? You're a day late. Don't you know to-day's the fifth of July?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I know that just as well as you do and that's the reason I've got it out 'cause it's the fifth.' 'But it isn't a holiday and you've no right to be celebratin' unless it is.' 'Who says so? I guess if this is a free country I can celebrate whenever I have a mind to, can't I?'

"Well, that would generally start a discussion as to why folks celebrated anyway, and what they got out of it, and I come to the conclusion, and generally made other folks see it my way too, that mighty few of us ever stop and think what we're really celebratin' on the glorious Fourth of July. And even if we do, we're patriotic and glad somebody gave us the Declaration of Independence for about one day in the year, or what's more, for a few minutes in one day. Of course we fly flags on a few other days in the year, but there's only one day that's really this old nation's birthday.

"So then I thought if everybody that come by here on the fifth stopped and looked at my flag and saw my shop closed and me sittin' here restin', they'd have their curiosity roused and stop and ask me what it was all about. Then if I told 'em they'd at least be carryin' their patriotism one day further and I'd be doin' that much for the cause. I tell you, we don't half appreciate our blessin's in this country, they come too easy."

"Yes, that sounds reasonable enough for the first year, Jim, but do people stop and talk to you these days about it? I should think they'd all know about it by this time."

"But how about yourself, Mr. Allison? Aren't you and I talkin' about flags and holidays and independence and liberty? And won't you go home and tell your family about it as another of Jim Bartlett's crazy notions? And won't they all talk about it and remember my old flag and what it stands for? Why, if I only set one family to thinkin' it would be worth my takin' this day off for. But as it happens, you're the fourth person already that I've talked to this mornin' and there'll be plenty more before the day's over. You know this is a pretty busy road in the summer time. Why, even if the folks in autos don't stop to talk they'll see the flag a-floatin' and it'll at least make 'em wonder about it, and that's better than nothin'. Why, if I had my way, I'd have somebody all along the line h'istin' a flag and celebratin' every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. What's the sense of bein' glad you're free and independent one day in the year and forgettin' all about it the other three hundred and sixty-four?

"Here come McClintock's two boys. Lot they know about patriotism. But they'll want to know about my flag, see if they don't. And if they do I'll give 'em a little lesson in American history. Guess they didn't hear much about the spirit of independence yesterday in their hundred and fifty mile ride to Laurel Lake. There isn't time for that sort of thing these days. So you can't blame me for takin' my own way of celebratin', even if it is a day late, can you?"

And I had to admit I didn't, and if Jim only knew it he accomplished the very thing he desired in my case, for after I left him I spent most of the morning thinking over what he had told me of his fifth of July philosophy, and proved him a true prophet as well by sharing it with my family that noon. And I haven't a doubt but that most of the others with whom he talked that day were affected in the same way, and, like me, secretly resolved to do a little celebrating for our free and independent state on more days than the Fourth, even though we did it in a quieter and less conspicuous way than Jim.—*Gertrude Fisher Scott, in Zion's Herald.*

AN INTERRUPTED SONG

"Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,"
Screamed the Eagle, in red, white and blue.
"No, indeed!" said the Owl. "But I *can* see at night,
Which has many advantages, too.

"At dawn I can *hear* the explosions, you know,
While there really is little to see;
But at *night*, when the fireworks are all in a glow,
That's the Fourth of July time for me!"

St. Nicholas.

* * *

DISCOVERING AMERICA

Now you must know that the world was once divided into little chunks, and on one of these little chunks lived the Spinach. And of the Spinach there was a konig, and his name was Ferdinand, and for short they call him Ferdy. And there was a queenig and her name was Isabella, and for short they called her Issy. And there was a subject, and his name was Christopher, and for short they called him Chris.

One day Chris went down by the palace, and he said to the guarg what stands by the door, "I would have a speech mit the konig." The guarg he say, "Well you can't have speech mit the konig, cause why he's gone walking with Issy." "Den I go find him," says Chris.

So he went down by the city, and on the odder side of the road he saw Ferdy and Issy, and he began making wavings mit his hands. And Issy she poke Ferdy in the ribs and she say, "What for that man make wavings mit the hands?" And Ferdy he say, "I dunno, but I go see." So he went on the odder side of the road and he say, "What for you make wavings mit the hands?" And Chris he say, "Because I should have discovered America and I ain't did it."

So Ferdy he say, "Issy, you go back by the palace, and Chris, we go down by the wharf and any boat what ain't working you dast have." So they went down by the wharf, and Chris he say, "I tink I take the pink one." So they fill the boat mit beer and pretzels and cruise and all those things what you takes when you goes to discover America.

Well, when they was out one, two, three days, the sailors come to Chris and say, "Chris, we would have *mutinies*." But Chris he say, "We ain't got no mutinies, but they is beer and pretzels." So they goes and gets the beer and pretzels. Then four, five, six days more they comes back to Chris and says, "Chris, we would have mutinies." And Chris he say, "We ain't got no mutinies, but they is more beer and pretzels." Well, seven, eight, nine days pass and they comes to Chris and they say, "Chris, we would have mutinies." And Chris he say, "We ain't got no mutinies, and what's more, we ain't got no more beer and pretzels."

Just then the guy that stands up high—you know that guy? Well, he say, "I spy a speck in the spee-glass." And Chris, he say, "Well, you hang on to it." For you know, when you spy a speck in the spee-glass all you has to do is to hang on to it till you comes up to it.

By and by they comes up to the land—for you know they is two kinds of land, they is the kind you comes up to, and the kind you runs around on. And when they comes up to the kind of land you comes up to, they find a lot of little scavages running around on the kind of land you runs around on. And when these little scavages saw Chris, they say, "We knows who you is. Youse Christopher Columbus and we is—discovered!"—*The Baptist (said to have been written by a small Polish-Jew boy in a New York school).*

* * *

If there is anywhere on your horizon a spot of light, fix your eyes upon it and turn your thoughts away from the clouds which may cover the rest of the sky. One spot of blue is worth a skyful of gray.—*Selected.*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

FROM REV. R. S. KELLERMAN, DURHAM, N. C.

Dear Mrs. Wilkins:

I need literature for Greensboro. Can you solicit it for me by publishing my request under your approval both in the *Bulletin* and the *Leader?*

I need the small books such as Hanson's Cyclopedia, Bible Proofs, Threatenings, Aion-Aionios, Ballou on the Atonement, by Adams, The Philosophy of Universalism, by Betts, the Manuals by different authors, and various others, excellent brief books on our faith.

I have received a few, for which I thank the givers. I will thank others who wish to part with theirs and wish to contribute them for work in North Carolina.

Some one now sends me a copy of the *Leader*. If she will send me her name, I will be glad to give her the name and address of a woman who wants to read it regularly.

Report for May

We have held our services regularly through May except the fifth Sunday, which I took to go to Bethel, S. C. Our church attendance remains practically stationary. The Sunday school is somewhat depleted owing to the incident which I report on another sheet. But instead of the incident disheartening our school it nerves them to still greater effort. There are three members of the Sunday school whom I expect to receive into church membership next Sunday.

Held Up and Robbed in Broad Daylight

We had gathered a number of little children, who did not attend any Sunday school, and got them happily attending our Universalist Sunday school, when lo and behold, a number of *Christian* (so called) women of the Baptist church descended upon the mother of the aforesaid children and begged, coaxed, misrepresented us, and threatened her with dire consequences, until she promised to take them out of our Sunday school and send them to their school. Thus were we robbed of our children. And this many times over.

Rummage Sales in Durham

The ladies of the Mission Circle have determined to paint the church. It will cost $200. They have about $100 through collections and rummage sales, and they are working for the other hundred. And they will get it.

Can any of your Circles, or individuals, furnish them with "rummage?"

Greensboro

Our Greensboro congregation averages fifty. Two weeks ago we had seventy. There is not a night without new faces. We still find Universalists, Unitarians, and also inquirers of our faith. Mrs. S. T. Barber, wife of the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, desires to join our church, and asked my advice about it. Mr. Baldwin has received several letters from people in other cities asking for literature. Others have approached him and promised their support when we have an established home. Our trustees are now searching for a site for a building. If with the help of our friends we can buy a lot, we will erect a church "hut," and from that on we expect a more rapid and vigorous growth.

Sincerely yours,
R. S. Kellerman.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

INSTITUTE INKLINGS

Watch for our weekly announcements regarding the important summer schools that we conduct. Chattanooga comes first—July 22 to 31—and Prof. A. I. Spanton, of the University of Akron, will be the special representative of the Sunday School Association. Other dates are: Ferry Beach, Aug. 14 to 21; Murray Grove, Aug. 23 to 30; Chicago, Sept. 11 to 17; and Detroit, Oct. 15 to 18.

A FLAGLESS FLAG-POLE

At Suffolk, Va., there is a fine tall straight flag-pole. It belongs to the Suffolk Normal Training School. But it has no flag to fly from its summit. Is there some friend of the school and of Dr. Jordan who would like to supply this need? If so, write to the General Sunday School Association.

* *

THE USUAL VERDICT

May I express my appreciation of Mr. Milburn's fine slides? I'll write to him personally and tell him that we have enjoyed them and been greatly helped.

Henrietta Bertch.
Good Tidings, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* *

MRS. GALER IN THE FIELD

There will be some stronger schools in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. Rev. Laura Bowman Galer, wife of the President of our General Convention, is holding a series of conferences as a representative of our General Sunday School Association. Her genial, optimistic personality will give good cheer to all who meet her and her words of wise counsel will help solve many a difficult problem. This apostolic journey is in line with our purpose to send our helpers into all our local schools.

* *

DR. EMERSON WILL BE AT DETROIT

The program for the Detroit Institute and Convention is nearing completion, and it is to be one of first-rate attractiveness and value. The latest good news is that Dr. Mabel I. Emerson, author of the Intermediate Lessons in the Murray Series, will be present and teach two periods on "The Religious Education of Adolescents." Here is a rare opportunity to hear a teacher of experience and very unusual power.

* *

THE WAY OF MISS BALL

We like the way Miss Madeline Ball of Woodsville, N. H., uses the Loan Library. She has sent a list of twenty books, all of which she desires to read as soon as possible. But, instead of asking to have them all sent at once, much to our inconvenience, she says, "Send two of those that you happen to have in, let me read those, and, when I return them, select for me two others." It goes without saying that we will do our best for such a thoughtful young lady.

* *

THE Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION

The Young People's Christian Union and the Sunday school are like the thumb and index finger. All enthusiasts for religious education should be thoroughly interested in the convention of the National Young People's Christian Union, which is to be held in Chicago from July 13th to 19th. Let's co-operate. Let's attend if we can. In any case, let's do something toward sending some of our older young people that they may get the inspiration of this superfine gathering.

* *

THE PROGRESS IN KENTUCKY

Rev. Thomas Chapman, always loyal, is the center of the new Sunday school advance in Kentucky and he has associated with him Mr. Carl H. Williams, the first-class superintendent at Hopkinsville, and other consecrated workers. There is a new school at Fruit Valley with a membership of fifty. Moreover, the old schools are taking one fresh life. On May 1 the attendance at Crofton was sixteen, at Hopkinsville sixty-five and at Consolation 114. Watch Kentucky.

* *

A very sharp sharper recently appeared in a Kansas town. Finding that a Sunday school convention was in progress, he obtained one of the delegates' badges and, disguised as a servant of the Church, he proceeded to forge a large number of checks. The business men of the city cashed them without hesitation. This incident shows the position that the Sunday school occupies in the esteem of both the crooks and the men of business.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

July 13-19, National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 20, Consolation Church, Ky.

July 21, Crofton, Ky.

July 22-31, Southern Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Aug. 7-21, Y. P. C. U. and S. S. Institute, Ferry Beach, Me.

Aug. 31-Sept. 4, Y. P. C. U. Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

Sept. 12-17, Mid-West Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Chicago.

* *

THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH

The ninety-sixth Convention of Universalist Churches of Ohio, which is now in session in Kent, is remarkable for the large proportion of young people present. Some one remarked at one of the sessions that two-thirds of those present were under thirty years of age. I am inclined to think that this was an exaggeration, but no such estimate could have been made in the ordinary state convention. The young people came in unprecedented numbers, and they attended the Convention sessions at least as faithfully as their elders, which is saying a great deal. They have heard and seen and met denominational officials, and other men and women prominent in our Church, and they have participated in the working of one of the larger pieces of our ecclesiastical machinery. They will go home with memories of a good time, and richer in friendship, but they will also carry with them an acquaintance with, an interest in, and a zeal for the work of the Church as a whole that years of training at home could not give.

Several causes contributed to this large attendance of young men and women. Chief among them is the fact that the meetings of all the state organizations are held at one place, with sessions interlocked to save time. The delegates who come either for the Sunday school or Y. P. C. U. sessions can not avoid attending the other, and the conventions of the Church and of the Women's Alliance begin almost before the others have closed. Indeed, the chief social event of the convention is the Y. P. C. U. and Sunday school banquet, which is attended by every one, and comes as the closing event of the first two and just before the opening of the last two meetings.

Another contributing cause is that the Convention is held during the school vacation, when the young people are free to come. Sometimes it is hot, but often it is not, and there is no season of the year when the weather can be guaranteed. If holding a convention at such a time involves a little sacrifice, it is worth while for the sake of securing the attendance of the young people, and thus introducing them to the work of the Convention.

Last of all, is the fact that the young people of Ohio have had many evidences of the importance which the older people attach to them and to their work. So frequently, where the Y. P. C. U. Convention is held first or last during a three or four days' session, the great majority of the older people come late or go early, and then sometimes complain because the young people do not attend all the sessions. In Ohio everybody attended practically all the sessions: the older people were present and watched the young people transact their business (note that they did not try to transact it for them), and then the young people came to the meetings of the older organizations of the Church.

This feeling of community of interests has been strengthened by the financial relationships between the various organizations in the state. Instead of each of the four, the Convention itself, the Sunday School Association, the Women's Alliance and the Y. P. C. U., conducting a campaign for the money needed for its work, with the almost inevitable feeling on the part of some that others had trespassed upon their territory, there is a "Convention Chest." Each organization estimates the amount of money it will need for its year's work, and then pledges are received on the floor of the Convention to meet the total amount, which is divided accordingly. This filling of the convention chest is anticipated, and delegates come empowered to make pledges in the name of their churches, Sunday schools, Sunday school classes, women's organizations, Clara Barton Guilds, and local Young People's Christian Unions.

The presence of these young people at the Convention, and their education in all its interests and work, are the best possible guaranties of the permanence of our Church. The young people are the hope of the Church, for the glorious work of the last hundred and fifty years, which the men and women of the Church are carrying forward with such marked success and enthusiasm to-day, can be continued in the years ahead, when those who now bear the burden and heat of the day shall rest from their labors, by those who are now the young men and women, the boys and girls, in our Sunday schools and Christian Unions.

* *

MISSIONARIES

The Akron Y. P. C. U. is credited with the organization of four new local Unions during the past two years. The last of these was formed at Leroy last Sunday evening. So far as I know there is no other Union in the country with such a record. I wonder if there is a Sunday school that has gone out and helped to organize four other Sunday schools, or a Mission Circle, or a Clara Barton Guild, or a local chapter of the Universalist Comrades, that can equal this record. What a wonderful thing it would be if a church should try to emulate this achievement! Suppose that when we come back home from Detroit with the power of the spirit upon us, one of our churches should begin looking around for a place where a new church, or at least a preaching station, can be opened. If Fred Line can do it in Kansas, and Lester Brooks can do it Texas, and Dr. Rowland can do it in southern Ohio, and Dr. Mooney can do it in central Maine, there is no place where it can not be done, either in new sections of the cities or in rural communities where the preaching of liberal religion is practically unknown.

The doing of this should not devolve simply upon the ministers, some of whom have all they can do on Sundays as it is. Only it should be noted that the ministers who are doing this kind of pioneer work are preaching three times on Sundays, just as Hosea Ballou did.

It should be a whole church that determines to do such a piece of work; the minister should do some of the preaching, but laymen should also do a part of it. We can do this at any time that we want to, but not until we want to more than we want to go motoring or to sleep.

The larger part of the nearly 100 per cent increase in membership in the Y. P. C. U. during the past two years has come about through the organization of new Unions. The ultimate success of the Murray Anniversary Crusade in the doubling of the active membership of the Church will come about largely in the same way. We must start out and organize at least a hundred new churches. The Y. P. C. U. will help to supply the ministers needed, for the church that goes out and organizes another church will grow the kind of young men and women who will say with Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

Stanley Manning.

In Ohio and Pennsylvania, June 22.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

The story goes that, on a certain occasion, Samuel Wesley was reproaching Susanna for her excessive patience: "You told that block-head the same thing twenty times." It was a man's comment, and the answer is typically woman's. "If I had told him nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor." Thus, a huge amount of valuable labor is lost. We do *well* enough, but not *long* enough. We satisfy conscience by spasms of effort. We write a single letter of helpfulness or give an earnest hour. Then, if results fail to appear, we feel quit of responsibility. When Jesus said that we must forgive seventy times seven, he may have been thinking that it sometimes takes four hundred and ninety forgivenesses to accomplish the purpose with the transgressor. Four hundred and eighty-nine forgivenesses might represent "Love's Labor Lost."

George Clarke Peck.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

What Next? By Denis Mackail. $2.00.

James Pooley Grant emerges from the smoking-room of the Port Club, asks the porter in his hutch by the door to call a taxi, and journeys to Canterbury House, Great Bilberry street, in response to an important communication signed Puxley, Sons and Bimberton. There, in the course of a monologue "of such a lengthy, tortuous and unilluminating nature that it would have done the heart of any other solicitor good to hear it," he learns that the fortune he expected to inherit from his uncle, Sir Alfred Ernest Pooley, has vanished, owing to the malicious manipulations of a partner, Sir Adolf Lloyd (born Loewe—"Swiss"), knighted in 1912. Later, he meets Mary Steele, to whom "he had proposed in the morning, the afternoon, the evening, by post, in health, in sickness, and once even in what he thought was verse," who informs him that her father has forbidden her to see him again, and they are leaving for New Court, Odiham. The "unemployed ex-soldier, with no particular prospects," taking an inventory of the situation, discovers that his arch-enemy's address is New Court, Odiham—"and Mary going there to-morrow!" Verily, what next?

Then up and speaks his valet, Lush by name, and lays before him a scheme that smacks of the Arabian Nights—partnership, wealth, and the confounding of the conspirator. And it works out beautifully, and this amusing first novel, which steps so lively that its action takes place in three days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, thereby distancing the famous Solomon Grundy, whose history consumed a week, ends with an epilogue consisting chiefly of two white boutonnieres—and you know what that means!

The Motor-Camping Book. By Elon Jessup. Illustrated. $3.00.

We can not look at those wonderful automobile trailers exhibited in the windows or on the boulevard without wishing to be motor gypsies and fare forth, strange countries for to see, carrying our hotel with us. There are windows, and couches for grown-ups and growing-ups, so attractively dressed in homey stuffs, and we can have all outdoors for our piazza and change the view every night. Indeed, it would seem that we might almost make the car and its trailer our home—and what a saving in taxes or rent!

And here is a book that stands ready to be our guide, philosopher and friend, and tell us just what to carry with us, so that we shall neither look like a moving-van nor find ourselves minus such vital things as soap and sugar—stone fireplaces are provided in the Adirondacks, but no groceries!

Some of the illustrations show how hospitable the West is to those who respond to the lure of the open road and green things growing, and best of all, the wise doctors prescribe motoring for all nervously tired people—what American does not come under that head?—which is a clinching reason why even the faint-hearted should hitch a trailer to his car and set the wheels a-turning.

The House with the Golden Windows. By J. E. Buckrose. Picture jacket. $1.90.

"The house stood at the top of a little rise in a flat country about three miles from the sea, and on still days you could hear the 'Hush! Hush!' of the waves through the birds' singing. It was a large red-brick building darkened by age, and across the front of it were two rows of straight, rather narrow windows, facing full west. When there happened to be a fine sunset, every one of these windows caught the reflection, and gleamed and glowed until you could see them a mile or more away. Nobody dreamed of calling it the house with the golden windows—they only thought of it as that, without putting their thought into words."

The house had been well filled at one time—a father, mother, grandaunt, five daughters and two sons—but now only the youngest Miss Wimperly is left, and nearing seventy. She sits alone after breakfast crocheting, with not only her own work basket but those of her four sisters around her, communing with a shadowy company; and her cousins, to the fourth degree, "who had never troubled to do more than send a Christmas card as a sort of arrow at a venture, so often occupied Mrs. Bell's rooms at the Blue Lion that that excellent landlady practically never took her best toilet covers off from April to November"—each branch hoping to get the Wimperly money. At last Richard Wimperly comes back there with his wife and daughter, and Miss Wimperly, piqued by his not coming to see her, goes to see him, "is took bad again with her bronchitis" as the villagers say, and dies—and Richard Wimperly's name has been hastily inserted in her will. Soon he follows her, and the property is Milly's.

All this is but prelude and now the real story begins,—a pretty girl, a false lover and a true one, a tale not told in time, complications, and an ending full of happiness and promise.

Things That Have Interested Me. By Arnold Bennett. $2.50.

It would have been simpler to say "everything interests me," for we are taken from "Operatic Performances" to "More Efficient Housekeeping," from "The Royal Academy" to "The Prize Fight," from "Interpreting the Gospel" to "Balzac's Technique," and from "Foch" to "Bicarbonate of Soda"—a mental running high jump! And of each subject Mr. Bennett writes as entertainingly as only he can, being a law unto himself.

And it is precisely this being interested in everything that keeps us alive, for without it we are on a shelf, whether our years number twenty or ninety. If we have not the habit, now is the best time to acquire it, for the world is in process of reconstruction and there is something doing everywhere.

This volume, by the way, is quite distinct and separate from the two others with similar titles.

Tales from a Roll-Top Desk. By Christopher Morley. Picture jacket, frontispiece. $1.75.

When Mr. Morley opens his desk we know something interesting will come out. First we have as dedication a letter to his "employer, publisher and friend," then the stories: "The Prize Package," telling of a wooing conducted by borrowed verses; "Advice to the Lovelorn," of "Cynthia" who conducts this department for the *Evening Planet* and incidentally her own affair; "The Case of Kenelm Digby," of a publisher who came to a tragic end because he issued his catalogue and counted his profits too soon; "The Garden of Sweden," of a modern Venus, Swedish exercises, and coal going out instead of in; "The Commutation Chophouse," which was advertised by a sandwich-man who "put the ad in adipose" to sell 100 square meals for $10 and did so—on the principle of Barnum's cherry-colored cat; "The Pert Little Hat," of Hemming who wrote, and a home and Janet and the Urchin, and the hat—"even if it should live to be a great-grand bonnet, none of its descendants will ever give Janet such pleasure;" "Urn Burial," of a coffee-urn with a hypnotic influence, and a mysterious burglary; "The Battle of Manila Envelopes," of a white-haired man like a robin, and a successful game of bluff; "The Climacteric," of a man who overhears some one call him old and breaks out into vorticist ties and a checked suit; "Punch and Judy," of a homesick girl, a blue-uniformed man, and a valentine; and "Referred to the Author," of a cunning director, a play that made a hit, and an actor who failed to respond to a curtain call, for good and sufficient reason.

All the stories deal with Grub Street, in one way or another, from the garret to the sanctum of the publisher, "that rare complex of instincts and sagacities," and are just what you expected them to be, deliciously Morleyish.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 13-19. National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 16-Sept. 5. Murray Grove, N. J.

July 22-31. Chattanooga Institute.

July 30. Maine State Field Day, Ferry Beach Park.

July 31. National Comrades Sunday, Ferry Beach Park.

July 31-August 21. Ferry Beach Institute.

Aug. 12-14. Texas State Convention, Elgin.

Sept. 11-17. Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Chicago.

September 20-22. Illinois State Convention, Galesburg.

Sept. 22-25. North Carolina State Convention, Pink Hill.

Sept. 23. North Carolina Branch W. N. M. A., Pink Hill.

Sept. 26-29. Maine State Convention, Waterville.

Sept. 27-29. New Hampshire State Convention, Nashua.

Oct. 15-18. General Sunday School Association Convention, Detroit.

Oct. 19-23. General Convention, Detroit.

Oct. 19. W. N. M. A. Biennial Convention, Detroit, Mich.

Oct. 22. Biennial meeting, National Order Universalist Comrades, Detroit, Mich.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Before reported	2,976
Norwich, Ct.	2
Logansport, Ind.	5
Manchester, Ind.	4
Osage, Iowa	1
Caribou, Maine	10
Portland, Me., Congress Ssquare,	15
Pittsfield, Maine	5
Malden, Mass.	7
Roxbury, Mass.	1
Providence, R. I.	9
Kent, Ohio	4
Junction City, Kan.	4
Peabody, Mass.	3
Birmingham, Ala.	6
Total	3,052

CHRISTENINGS

Before reported, 432. Psaadena, Cal., 4; Santa Paula, Cal., 2; Hartford, Ct., 4; Norwich, Ct., 4; Logansport, Ind., 8; Manchester, Ind., 3; Mitchellville, Iowa, 4; Osage, Iowa, 2; Caribou, Maine, 3; Gardner, Mass., 5; Malden, Mass., 13; Monson, Mass., 7; Roxbury, Mass., 4; Saugus, Mass., 19; Taunton, Mass., 3; Wakefield, Mass., 7; Weymouth, North, Mass., 6; Manchester, N. H., 6; Winchester, N. H., 3; Newark, N. J., 25; Watertown, N. Y., 16; Providence, Mediator, R. I., 14; North Hatley, Quebec, 1; Junction City, Kan., 1; Peabody, Mass., 9; Harrisville, R. I., 8; Pittsfield, Me., 13; Franklin, Mass., 8. Total, 694.

PERSONAL

The Rev. Roger L. Marble's address has been changed to 174 North Street, North Weymouth, Mass.

The Rev. and Mrs. Leslie Clare Manchester are at their home in Malden, having made the trip from Cassadaga, Florida, by automobile.

California

Santa Paula.—Rev. Frank Lincoln Masseck, pastor. Children's Day service was the best in years. The decorations—always excellent—were surpassingly good this year. The following Sunday saw eight new members in the school. The pastor has a monthly service at the California school for girls, in Ventura. On Whitsunday this year every pastor in the county exchanged pulpits with the pastor of the church of a different denomination. The Universalist pastor exchanged with a Congregationalist.

Connecticut

Hartford.—Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., pastor. Children's Sunday was observed June 5, with a sermon to the children, "The Lessons Drawn from the Trees." The church was beautifully decorated. Four children were christened. On June 19, Dr. Adams completed his twentieth year as pastor of the Hartford church, delivering an inspiring address, "What Have These Years Done for You and Me?" He preached June 26 at the anniversary celebration at Worcester, and Dr. Frank Dean of the Connecticut Sunday School Association preached at this church.

New Haven.—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D., pastor. Sunday morning, June 19, Dr. Fischer celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry, with an appropriate sermon, "After Twenty-Five Years in the Ministry." At the close of his sermon, he was given a basket of roses from the congregation in token of their esteem and appreciation, when Mrs. Ella B. Bond, a member of the church, read an original poem.

Norwich.—Rev. George H. Welch, pastor. We had a good Children's Sunday with a large attendance. Two members were received into the church and four children were baptized.

Iowa

Osage.—Rev. A. W. Altenbern, pastor. Children's Sunday was observed under some difficulties, the State Convention being held the previous week, interfering with practise. A program was given, however, in which grown ups as well as the little folks took part. Two children were christened and one new member received. Since Feb. 20, the minister has given fourteen sermons and addresses in other churches than his own. The State Convention has accepted our invitation to meet here next year.

Mitchellville.—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, pastor. Four children were christened on Children's Day, June 12. The school gave a well rendered cantata, and the church was festooned with flowers. In the evening delegates made excellent reports of the State Convention at Waterloo.

Indiana

Logansport. — Rev. Wellington C. Holmes, pastor. Since the beginning of the year, twenty-five new members have been admitted into the church. On June 12 eight children were christened. We expect still more accessions this year, and that the Sunday school, which is growing steadily, will increase its attendance at least fifty per cent. The moving pictures on Sunday evenings have been well attended. Mr. Holmes will spend his vacation with his mother in Missouri.

Manchester.—Rev. Pearl M. Patrick, pastor. At the morning service, Children's Sunday, June 19, three babies were christened, and four adults received into the church. The evening service of songs and recitations was greatly enjoyed by a good-sized audience. The offering of $7.40 will be sent to the General Convention. The monthly business meeting and social June 18 was well attended.

Maine

Rockland.—Rev. John M. Ratcliff, pastor. The annual parish meeting was held June 13. An exceptional year of activities was reported, although the church was without a pastor for nine months. For the year's work $7,000 was pledged. The Women's Society reported over $1,000 earned last year and $1500 pledged for the coming year. The Chapin class of young women gave a May festival and pageant. The program of work adopted for the coming year includes the reorganization of the Junior and Senior Unions; the organization of a chapter of Comrades; the sending of delegates to denominational institutes with expenses paid; the recruiting and training of five new teachers; a Sunday school enrollment of 250; and an average church attendance of 200. The church is to be open all summer and visitors to this famous resort city will find a hearty welcome.

Woodsfords, All Souls.—Rev. A. S. Cole, pastor. The church has been active during the month of May. The Ladies' Circle held a strawberry festival, followed by a play, "The Straw Man." The Men's Club held a supper for its members and friends, and is now organized and in good running order, holding regular meetings. Mrs. Katherine B. Haskell spoke on June 1 before the Missionary Circle on "Universalism in North Carolina." The Circles from the near-by churches were guests on this occasion.

Pittsfield.—Rev. Sidney J. Willis, pastor. In many ways the past season's work has been one of the most successful in the history of the church. The average church attendance has been the highest during the present pastorate. The Sunday school has doubled in membership and regular attendance; the juniors have added thirty new members and the seniors fourteen; the U. L. A. S., always a strong organization, has received twenty-eight new names, and the Mission Circle has more than doubled its membership; the Clara Barton Guild has had a normal growth, while the newly organized Comrades have a charter membership of sixteen. During the past year thirteen children have been christened, and thirty-nine adults have been received into the church, of which number eighteen are young people of high school age.

Massachusetts

North Weymouth.—Rev. Roger L. Marble, pastor. This church entered upon a new *regime* on June 1. For many years, it had shared a pastor with the Weymouth First Church. At a recent parish meeting it was decided that the church was able to "go alone." Mr. Marble, who has been pastor of both churches since May, 1920, is now pastor of this church exclusively. On June 12, the morning service was given up to the church school and a concert appropriate to Children's Sunday was presented to a large congregation. According to the annual custom, a carnation was presented to each child. Six children were christened.

Franklin.—Rev. R. K. Marvin, pastor. The Children's Sunday service was unique. All the recitations by the young folks were Bible passages, selected by the superintendent, Miss Randall, and memorized by the speakers. Eight children were christened.

Roxbury.—Rev. S. G. Spear, pastor. At the May meeting of the Comrades, Fred C. Carr, national secretary, was the speaker. President Schupnach outlined a program for the coming season. June 4, Homer B. Miller and Charles H. Mudgett were ordained deacons. One man united with the church and four children were christened on Children's Sunday. The twenty-sixth annual organ recital given by our organist, R. Franz Reissmann, was well attended. A fine program was given.

Saugus.—Rev. F. S. Rice, pastor. Children's Sunday, June 19, was observed with appropriate exercises. A kindergarten class was graduated, and nineteen children were christened. A fund to build a parish house has been started. The Women's Alliance presented a successful "Society Circus" on June 30. During the past year many additions to the working forces have been made.

New Hampshire

Winchester.—Rev. Edgar R. Walker began his temporary pastorate here on June 19. At the morning service the church school gave its Children's Day concert before a large congregation. Three children were christened. In the evening the Y. P. C. U. held its meeting on Meeting House Mountain, with over fifty present. The place was most fitting for the subject, "Our Friends, the Birds and Animals."

Rhode Island

Harrisville.—Rev. James Vincent, D. D., pastor. The Children's Day service for and by the children was interesting and impressive. Two dark-eyed, dark-haired children, dressed in Japanese costumes, sang a song in Japanese, and gave an account of the work which the Blackmer Home is doing for the young girls in Tokyo. Other children told of the origin and purpose of Children's Sunday. This school, of which Mrs. Vincent is superintendent, is devoted to the missionary cause and to the best possible welfare of the community. At the close of the service, the pastor christened eight children.

Providence, Church of the Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. On May 6, the Men's Club gave its second annual minstrel show. The production carried an original opening scene written by Mr. Leining. It is entitled "The Comrades In." The vestry was crowded to the doors. The entertainment was most successful in every way. Our church has acted as host for three state conventions: on May 19, the W. U. M. A., on June 1, the State Convention of the Church, and on June 3 the State Y. P. C. U. The third annual outing of the Men's Club was held at the Hummocks on June 10. It was an afternoon of sports and a wonderful shore-dinner. Children's Sunday on June 12 was a happy day. The program was given under the auspices of the Sunday school and attracted a large congregation. Fourteen infants were christened.

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COMRADES' FIELD DAY

Comrades' Field Day at Ferry Beach is to be held under the auspices of the Maine State Chapter, Saturday, July 30. E. Randolph Comee, state secretary, is chairman of the Sports Committee, and Robert Whitcomb, state secretary, is chairman of the banquet to be given in the evening, at which L. L. Peck will be toastmaster.

On Sunday, July 31, the program includes addresses in the morning by L. L. Peck, Fred Carr, and Ralph Thompson, president of the Universalist Club of Boston, and addresses in the afternoon by Ralph W. E. Hunt, Dr. Harold Marshall, and Dr. John Smith Lowe.

Invitations have been issued to the presidents of the Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island chapters of Comrades, and we hope if possible to have five hundred Comrades present.

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ORDINATION OF EDGAR R. WALKER

Edgar R. Walker, of Crane Theological School, was ordained to the ministry on June 12 at the First Church of Cambridge, his home church.

Dean McCollester preached the ordination sermon. Dr. Hall gave the charge and Professor Skinner gave the ordination prayer. Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor of the church, assisted Dr. McCollester in the act of ordination and extended the right hand of fellowship. Rev. Stanley Manning opened the service with the invocation and Dr. Huntley read the Scripture lesson.

Following the service the church held a reception for Mr. Walker in the church vestry.

Mr. Walker will preach this summer at Winchester, N. H., returning in the fall for his final year at Crane.

* *

THE RHODE ISLAND METHOD

Rhode Island comes in again for honorable mention. At the convention in 1920, it was voted to take $1,020 as the Japan quota. At the ending of the convention year, June 1, 1921, the reports showed that seven of the eight churches had contributed $1,205.50. This is indeed a noteworthy achievement. The Comrades of the state are now at work to secure $1,000 for the Cate Home for boys in Tokyo. The Rhode Island churches are able to secure their quotas simply because the Japan offering is considered as important in the parish budgets as the minister's salary or the coal bill. All of the churches have a special Japan Sunday and in addition use the bi-pocket system of envelope offerings so that if the special offering is not large enough to meet the obligation then the balance is provided by the weekly benevolences. This method will bring the desired results in other states.

* *

A TYPICAL MISSIONARY'S LETTER

Dear Mr. Marshall:

Yours of the 1st inst. received. I wish you might be down here to help me with some of this pioneer work. I would certainly keep you warm these days. Have just returned from a ten days' series of meetings at Florala. Am leaving this afternoon for a look over the ground at Mobile. The 19th I begin a series of meetings at Chapman, and am expected to stay there until every one is converted. As soon as this is over I want to take another look at Birmingham. They have taken in six new members there in the

last two weeks, and are having audiences of about a hundred. Then I am to begin a series of meetings at Ariton. Gay wants me to come to the Institute at Chattanooga, beginning July 22.

Sincerely yours,

F. B. Bishop.

Montgomery, Ala., June 9.

* *

PRESERVE THE UNIVERSALIST SHRINE

Good Luck, Murray Grove, N. J.

Wanted at once.....$10,000.00

A friend has promised us $5,000 payable when we have raised $10,000. We therefore ask all Universalists to send in their subscriptions, and thus have a part in this glorious enterprise. Remember, this shrine, the meeting place of John Murray and Thomas Potter, the farm then owned by Thomas Potter, on which is standing the original Potter home, is *yours*, owned by the Universalist Church of America, together with the Potter Memorial Church, the Ballou House, the Murray Grove House and the Potter Meeting-house. Do you want your name on the roll of honor?

Send remittances or pledges.

Before reported	$815.62
Mrs. S. E. Packard, East Orange, N. J.	5.00
Mr. Fred Fowler, ...	5.00
Miss Sadie Krementz, Newark, N. J.	35.00
Mrs. J. B. Douglass, Bloomfield, N. J.	20.00
Newark Sunday School	25.00
Newark Kindergarten	5.00
Miss Matilda Krementz, Newark, N. J.	113.00
Miss Irene Douglass, Bloomfield, N. J.	31.00
Miss Margaretta Dean, Newark, N. J.	10.00
Miss Hester Dean, Newark, N. J.	10.00
Mrs. Wm. Gauer, Newark, N. J...	4.66
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Anderson, Newark, N. J.	1.50
Mr. Herbert Gleason, Newark, N. J.	25.00
Ladies' Aid Society, Newark, N. J.	50.00
Junior Y. P. C. U., Newark, N. J.	25.00
Newark Missionary Society, Newark, N. J.	30.00
Mrs. Teneyck, Avon, Florida ...	1.50

* *

LEADERS WANTED

Will any one having copies of the *Universalist Leader* of Nov. 6, 1920, and Feb. 26, April 16, April 30 and June 4, 1921, which they do not wish to keep kindly send them to the *Leader* office?

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letters of transfer issued by the Massachusetts Convention to Rev. Hugo A. Perdelwitz and by the New Hampshire Convention to Rev. J. Frank Thompson have been accepted by the Maine Fellowship Committee.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

Notices

NATIONAL CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-third annual meeting of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held in Chicago, Ill., beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 13, 1921.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Louis F. Merlin, Secretary.

* *

Y. P. C. U. AT CHICAGO

Tentative Program

Wednesday, July 13. 7.30 p. m. Opening Song Service. Call to Order; Official Call; Roll Call. Addresses of Welcome. Response and President's Annual Address. Keynote Address: Rev. Fred A. Line, Junction City, Kan.

July 14. 9 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning. Business: Official Reports.

1.30 p. m. Mission Study Classes. School of Union Methods. Rest and Recreation.

7.30 p. m. Vesper Service. "Christian Stewardship of Money." Mass Meeting. Song Service. Address: Mr. Arthur Nash, Cincinnati, O. "Religion in Industry."

July 15. 9 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning. Business. Preliminary Reports of Session Committees.

1.30 p. m. Mission Study Classes. School of Union Methods. Rest and Recreation.

7.30 p. m. Vesper Service. "Christian Stewardship of Time." Mass Meeting. Song Service. Addresses: Rev. Nelson Lobdell, recently of Shizuoka, Japan. Rev. Warren Ballou Brigham, Boston, Mass., "The Flaming Cross."

July 16. 6.30 a. m. Quiet Hour Service. Subject, "Christian Stewardship of Life," Mr. Lambert J. Case, Muncie, Ind. 8.30 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning. Mission Study Classes. Business. Final Reports. New Business.

Afternoon for rest and recreation.

5 p. m. Reception at Ryder House.

6.30 p. m. Convention Banquet.

8.30 p. m. Pageant.

July 17. 10 a. m. Communion Service in charge of Rev. L. Ward Brigham, D. D., of St. Paul's on the Midway. Morning Worship. Occasional Sermon.

3 p. m. Service of Silence. Consecration Service. Conducted by Rev. George Cross Baner, Akron, O.

7.30 p. m. Closing Mass Meeting. Address: Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D.

July 18. Excursions and pleasure parties.

7.30 p. m. Play, "The Prophet of Good Luck," presented by Y. P. C. U. of Muncie, Ind.

July 19. Excursions and pleasure parties.

* *

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

Program for 1921

July 16. Opening Day.

July 17. Morning Sermon, Rev. C. E. Petty.

July 18-23. Chapel Talks, "The Meaning of Faith."

July 24. Morning sermon, preacher to be announced. Evening Conference, "OurGreatest Work."

July 25-3;. Chapel Talks, "Social Service."

July 31. Morning sermon, preacher to be announced.

Aug. 1-6. Chapel Talks, "The Spirit of Democracy."

Aug. 7. Morning sermon, Dr. C. C. Clark. Evening Conference, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

Aug. 8-13. Chapel Talks, "The Great Missionaries."

Aug. 13. Birthday party. Ida Smith, Scranton, Pa., director.

Aug. 14. Morning sermon, preacher to be announced. Evening Conference, "What I Would Do with Murray Grove."

Aug. 15-20. Chapel Talks, "The Manhood of the Master."

Aug. 18. Annual Meeting.

Aug. 19-20. The Fair.

Aug. 21. Morning sermon. Dr. J. M. Atwood. Evening Conference, "Why Be Good."

Aug. 22-27. Chapel Talks, "With the Future Men and Women of the Universalist Church." 9-12, each day, Sunday School Institute, Dr. Huntley, director

Aug. 28. Morning sermon, Dr. Huntley. Evening address, Dr. J. M. Atwood.

Aug. 29-Sept. 3. Chapel Talks, "The Spirit of Youth." Y. P. C. U. Week, Rev. Stanley Manning, Director.

Sept. 4. Morning sermon, Rev. Stanley Manning. Evening Conference.

Sept. 5. Field Day.

Sept. 6. Closing Day

One evening each week will be given to story-telling, another to games and another to dramatics. There will be boating, sailing, bathing and fishing.

Rates $14 to $17 a week. For further information write to Rev. Chas. E. Petty, 174 West End Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

Chas. E. Petty.

* *

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

House opens July 16 and closes Sept. 5. Write Rev. Charles E. Petty, 174 West End Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., for reservations.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR

Having accepted the chairmanship of the Fair to be held at Murray Grove in August, I solicit contributions, either in money or useful and fancy articles.

The receipts each year are used for the maintenance of the place so sacred to all Universalists.

All contributions should be plainly marked and sent to Helen M. Buckwalter, 6731 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, before Aug. 1, after that to Helen M. Buckwalter, Murray Grove House, Forked River, N.J.

* *

FERRY BEACH FAIR

The Ladies' Aid Society of Ferry Beach plan to have their Fair Aug. 9. We ask from all friends of our work contributions of useful and fancy articles or money. The receipts each year are expended in making needed improvements and adding to the service of Ferry Beach. Please mark your contributions plainly and send them to Mrs. William R. Thomson, 11 Akron St., Roxbury, Mass., or Mrs Arthur Soule, Kingfield, Me., before July 15. After that date forward them to Hotel Quillen, Ferry Beach, Park, Old Orchard, Me.

Mrs. Arthur Soule, Chairman.

Mrs. William R. Thompson, President.

* *

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS WANTED

We desire to organize Sunday schools in connection with or independent of existing churches. Where even two or three can be gathered for the purpose of religious education it is possible to have a Sunday school. We are ready to help financially and in every other possible manner Write at once to

The General Sunday School Association,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

* *

WANTED

Fifteen hundred men to attend the National Convention at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 19-23. Saturday, Oct. 22, will be Comrades Day. A big program is planned. Live men at this Convention means a live future for our Church. Sign up without delay. Now is the time to plan for the trip.

Lewis L. Peck,
National Transportation and Publicity Manager.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMITTEE OF FELLOWSHIP

Rev. Clarence F. McIntire has been transferred to the Vermont Convention, subject to the action of the Fellowship Committee of that Convention.

Robert N. French, Acting Clerk.

* *

MURRAY GROVE NOTE

Trains will run to Murray Grove from May 15 to October 1 inclusive. Tickets should be purchased to Forked River.

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Judge Roger S. Galer, President Universalist General Convention

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the copies of "From Good Luck to Gloucester" and wish to express my sincere admiration for the artistic skill and literary ability displayed in the writing, editing and publishing of this book. It is certainly a monument to the resources of your plant, and is a lasting credit to the skill with which it was compiled. The book is one of which our denomination may well be proud. The clear type, excellent paper and good binding furnish the material basis and on every page is evidenced the good taste and discrimination displayed by the editor and publishers.

R. S. Galer.

Dean Lewis B. Fisher, D. D., Rider Divinity School

The book "From Good Luck to Gloucester" has been with me some days, and I have read through it about every day I have had it. But somehow I have not read it with such critical faculties as I have and do not believe that I ever will. I take it up as a mirror, in which I see reflected the wonderful days at Good Luck and Gloucester.

For one who was there it is a wonderfully precious book. For one who was not there it is as good a record as is possible, but no record will ever make such an one see or hear what we saw and heard those great days.

L. B. Fisher.

Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D., Connecticut State Superintendent

"From Good Luck to Gloucester" is a book that I feel I am going to read and re-read many times. It is a veritable storehouse of information concerning Universalism and its bearing on life. The revealing nature of the book will make it an invaluable help to the seeker after truth. Every Public Library should have a copy. Certainly our own people should read and ponder over the great messages of the leading exponents of Modern Universalism set down in this well-conceived and splendidly prepared volume. The Publishing House has reason to be proud of its achievement.

Theodore A. Fischer.

Prof. Henry I. Cushman, D. D., Crane Theological School

I want to congratulate the Universalist Publishing House on its great success in the quick making and publishing of "From Good Luck to Gloucester." It shows what can be done by the prompt seizing of opportunities which come to us within the Divine Providence! The book is an excellent record of impressive events and meetings. "The Editor's Story" at intervals in the book is told from the heart and is strikingly interesting in its historic facts and in their picturesque and often poetic expression. I have already bought four copies of the book for presents, and I find the book appreciated by all who see it.

Henry I. Cushman.

Rev. Harry Westbrook Reed, D. D., President New York State Convention

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Crackling

"What are you doing with that porous-plaster, Claude?"

"Well, I want an idea for a Futurist Fugue and I thought I'd just try this over on the pianola!"—*London Mail.*

* *

Correspondent asks us what we do about cutworms. Our method is to carry them to a vacant lot and turn them around three times, thus getting them so confused that they can not find their way back.—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the woman at whose door the tramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content to spend your life walking around the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered Weary Willie. "Many's the time I've wished I had an auto."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

* *

"Is there anything wrong with the girl of to-day?" asks the *Literary Digest.* Not with the one we have in mind.—*Charleston Gazette.*

* *

"Cap's, suh," explained the unbleached motor-cycle courier who had unsuccessfully attempted to navigate a French highway in night traffic, "everything was jest goin' along fine, and den Ah see mah chance to dodge in between two motor-cycles."

"Well, what of it?"

"Dat's all dey was to it, Cap'n, suh. Dem two motor-cycles was a truck."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* *

The bonding companies say fat men are honest, but thin men say it is because fat men can't run.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

* *

Vexation and grief struggled for mastery in Gertrude's soul.

"Mother, do come out and speak to Freddy," she said. "He's treadin' on all the ants in the garden."

"How very unkind!" said the mother.

"Yes, that's what I've told him," said Gertrude, "but he won't let me tread on a single one."—*Chicago Herald.*

* *

1st Co-ed: "That man Finis must have been a great scholar."

2d Co-ed: "Why so?"

1st Co-ed: "His name is in almost every book."—*Banter.*

* *

"Have a cigar?"

"No—don't smoke now."

"Sworn off?"

"Nope, stopped entirely."—*Tar Baby.*

* *

Johnny: "The camel can go eight days without water."

Freddy: "So could I if ma would let me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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